

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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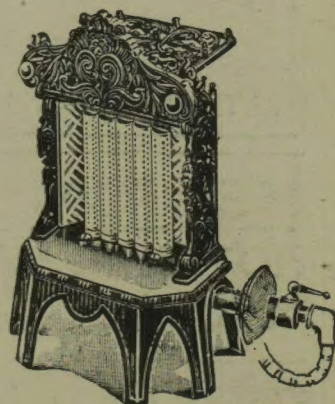


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1922.

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PAINTING A PICTURE FIFTY FEET UNDER WATER: MR. ZARH PRITCHARD, THE SUBMARINE ARTIST, IN DIVER'S DRESS, AT WORK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The extraordinary feat of painting pictures under water at the bottom of the sea has been accomplished by Mr. Zarh Pritchard, who has thus opened up a new and wonderful world of "landscape," if that expression can be applied to the mysterious regions of the ocean floor. Several examples of his work, elaborated from studies actually painted on the sea-bed, in the manner illustrated above, are

reproduced on another page of this number. As there mentioned, Mr. Pritchard has worked at depths ranging from 16 ft. to 50 ft., using thick oil colours which do not run on contact with the water. He is dressed in diver's costume, and when he has selected his view-point, and set up his easel, he signals by a cord to boatmen above to lower his canvas, palette and brushes.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. R. S. STOTT. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I LIKE Americans; I like them to be Americans; I have always thought it absurd to expect them to be Anglo-Saxons. It is irrational enough to take three sensible and self-respecting citizens of a very distinct country, one of them named Cornelius K. Van Smuts, another named Fingall P. O'Gorman, and the third named Nicholas O. Kropotsky, and then tell them that they can all embrace and be brothers in their common memories of Shakespeare and Milton. It is more irrational when expressed in a piece of sham ethnological pedantry, which implies that they have still dearer memories of Hengist and Horsa. And it is most irrational of all, when the memories their country is told to cherish are the very memories which it only came into existence in order to change; and when they are told that they are all children of the British Empire and the British Constitution, and all the things for which America fought to be free. The United States is now a nation, with a very strong national loyalty of its own. And as we have fortunately left off denying the Irish nationality with insults, it might be well also to leave off denying the American nationality with compliments. But, considering it as another nationality, I have a very real admiration and even affection for that nationality. I like the Americans for a great many reasons. I like them because even the modern thing called industrialism has not entirely destroyed in them the very ancient thing called democracy. I like them because they have a respect for work which really curbs the human tendency to snobbishness. I like them because they do not think that stupidity is a superiority in business and practical life; and because they do not think that ideas are always insanities. I like what is rather unphilosophically expressed by saying that they are all optimists; at any rate, very few of them are pessimists. I like them because they are never guilty of the ghastly blasphemy of supposing that there is something fine about being bored, any more than about being blinded or lamed, or paralysed. I mean it is a blasphemy to admire it; it is quite another matter to pity people for being bored or for being blinded, and to be equally sorry for paralysis and pessimists.

But although (or rather because) I like American things to be American, I very violently resent the present tendency for English things to be Americanised. England also is a nation and has national traditions and national virtues, and would probably find it difficult to imitate American virtues, at any rate in the American form. But, as a matter of fact, it is not American virtues that are being imitated. It is rather American vices, and especially American vulgarities. We are not imitating their democracy, but rather their plutocracy. It is not even the New York sky-scraper, which is sometimes beautiful, half so much as the New York sky-sign, which is generally garish and tawdry. But anyone with an appetite for the adventurous variety of mankind can enjoy New York sky-signs as features or freaks of New York sky-scrappers; he can enjoy New York sky-scrappers as features or freaks of New York; and he can

enjoy New York itself as a feature or freak of the civilisation of the United States. Many Americans are ready to express doubts about whether New York is not more of a freak than a feature. But, anyhow, the whole thing hangs together; the whole toppling vision of towers and fantastic fires, whether it be a day-dream or a nightmare. But I object to little patches of New York appearing in the streets and walls of London, a city with a wholly different soul; all the more because it means the exhibition on a small scale of something meant in its nature to be on a large scale. But the worst examples of all are exhibited on the smallest scale of all. They appear in the corners of magazines and in the details of daily journalism. They appear especially in the form of American jokes, carefully imported as if there had never been any English

brought across the Atlantic, like the Tower of Babel on a little boat, is steered into port, and trailed along by train; only to fall flat in London.

Sometimes the jokes are universal jokes, already understood and uttered in English, and merely made unintelligible by being uttered in American. One illustrated paper actually runs a double series of caricatures, one English and the other American; and both on the same subject—the subject of the hen-pecked husband. Now this joke has been common to all mankind ever since there were any husbands or any hens. I know it can be found in mouldering Gothic carvings; I imagine it can be found in fading Egyptian hieroglyphics. I once saw an excellent collection of English mediæval verse, divided into sections such as Religious Poems

or Pastoral Poems. One section was entitled "Poems of Domestic Life": and every single one of the poems was a description of the wife knocking the husband about. Surely we could manage to support existence with our own national version of this international idea, without its being made meaningless to us by scenes of American domestic life, which are much more remote than mediæval domestic life. For instance, in the picture I have just looked at, the whole of the joke (at the best a somewhat mysterious joke) turns upon taking it for granted that every ordinary housewife possesses an ice-box. An ordinary English housewife would no more expect to possess an ice-box than to possess an iceberg. And it would be about as sensible to tow an iceberg all the way from the North Pole as to trail that one dismal joke all the way from the New York newspapers.

Of course all advertisement is a sort of superstition. A caricature which is comic enough in its place, but no more comic than a page of such caricatures in "Snips" or "Snaps," is valued with a sort of reverence because it is supposed to have been a success somewhere in Chicago; and for some men success is a sort of religion. They are far too solemn to understand that the very fact of its being funny when it is said for the first time in Chicago is against its being funny when said for the twentieth time in Chiswick. But I do not object to people laughing at these things; for, in themselves, they are sometimes very laughable. I do not object to people laughing at them,

but to people taking them seriously. What is truly laughable is that such levities should be brought laboriously over land and sea, as men brought holy relics for the spreading of a great religion. And what is lamentable as well as laughable is that the English nation, which has developed the most individual of all European modes of humour, from Chaucer to Dickens, should be unable to make an obvious joke in its own language and should ask an American to make it in a foreign and incomprehensible language. Upon that question I am patriotic to the point of jingoism; for I am certain that English laughter would be more worth fighting for than English law; and that what was said about the man who made a nation's songs could be said yet more truly about the man who made its jokes.



A ROCK OF REFUGE FOR THE STRUGGLING INCOME-TAX PAYER: LORD INCHCAPE, PRESIDENT OF THE INCOME-TAXPAYERS' SOCIETY, WHOSE MANIFESTO IS WIDELY SUPPORTED.

The overburdened income-tax payer has cause to be deeply grateful to Lord Inchcape, whose recent manifesto on behalf of the Income-Taxpayers' Society, of which he is President, has attracted widespread attention and support. He pointed out that, at present, only about 2½ millions of the whole population pay this tax, and thus contribute annually about £400,000,000. Every taxpayer would be wise to join this protective Society, whose annual subscription is only 5s. for individuals, and a guinea for firms and corporations. All particulars of the Society's aims, which include reduction of the tax and redress of inequalities, may be had from the Secretary, Iddesleigh House, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Lord Inchcape, it may be added, has just succeeded the late Sir Thomas Sutherland as Chairman of the London Committee of the Suez Canal Company.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

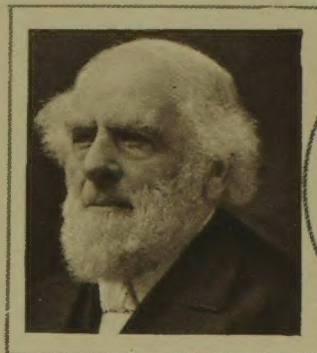
jokes. Now a joke is in any case a very difficult thing to import. I think it inartistic to see a burning fragment of the lights of Broadway stuck up opposite the old Georgian curve of Regent Street. I think it as inartistic as if somebody stuck up a small Alp, with snow on top of it, in the middle of Kensington Gardens; with no disrespect to the nationality of Switzerland. I object to it as I should object to have London loaded with a lot of little Pyramids; with all respect to the national aspirations of Egypt. But since the effect of these things is in a sense physical, since they appeal directly to the senses, they are far easier to translate than the ironies that appeal indirectly to the intellect. It would be easier to transplant almost any sort of American tall building than a certain sort of American tall story. But the toppling and tremulous American joke is carefully

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO. PORTRAIT OF SIR T. BARCLAY BY A. T. NOWELL.



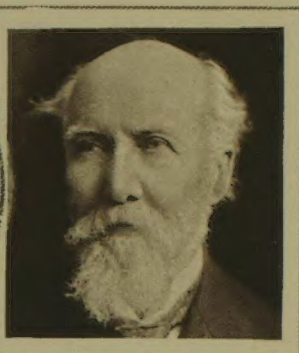
AN AIR FORCE HERO: THE LATE GROUP-CAPTAIN JACK SCOTT, C.B., M.C., A.F.C.



THE BIOGRAPHER OF BUNYAN: THE LATE DR. J. BROWN, THE VETERAN CONGREGATIONALIST.



A CRITIC OF PUBLIC FINANCE: THE LATE MR. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P.



A COMPANION OF LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA: THE LATE SIR JOHN KIRK.



A PAINTER KNOWN TO OUR READERS: THE LATE MR. EDGAR BUNDY, A.R.A.



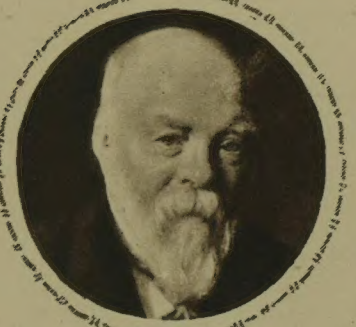
ENGAGED TO KING ALEXANDER OF THE SERBS, CROATS, AND SLOVENES: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA.



GOING TO CUT THE FIRST TURF OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: THE DUKE OF YORK (LEFT); WITH MR. U. F. WINTOUR.



ENGAGED TO PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA: KING ALEXANDER OF THE SERBS, CROATS AND SLOVENES.



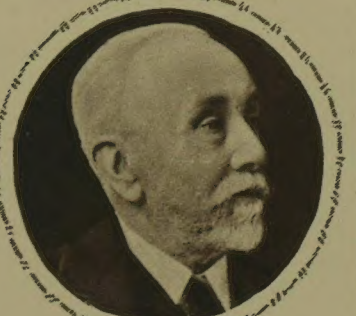
A LEADING CITIZEN OF BIRMINGHAM: THE LATE SIR THOMAS BARCLAY.



FROM PIT-BOY TO HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA: SIR JOSEPH COOK, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN LONDON



A FAMOUS GERMAN COMPOSER IN LONDON AGAIN: DR. RICHARD STRAUSS.



A FAMOUS HARBOUR ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MATTHEWS



FOUND DEAD IN A HORSHAM HOTEL: THE LATE HON. ERNEST VICTOR GIBSON.

Group-Captain Jack Scott was the subject of a memorial eulogy by the Lord Chancellor, who described (in the "Times") his wonderful courage and exploits in the war.—Dr. John Brown was from 1864 to 1903 Pastor of Bunyan's Church at Bedford. His biography of Bunyan is a standard work.—Mr. Gibson Bowles represented King's Lynn for fourteen years. He was the founder of "Vanity Fair."—Sir John Kirk accompanied Livingstone on his second expedition to Central Africa, and became British Agent at Zanzibar.—Mr. Edgar Bundy painted subject and historical pictures, many connected with British sea-power. His work often appeared in our pages.—King Alexander succeeded King Peter last year. Princess Marie is the second daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania.—The Duke of York

cut the first turf for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley Park on January 10. Mr. U. F. Wintour is the General Manager.—Sir Thomas Barclay was Managing-Director of Southall Bros. and Barclay, Ltd., of Birmingham. In recording his death in our issue of January 7, we inadvertently gave a portrait of his namesake, Sir Thomas Barclay, LL.B., the well-known authority on international law.—Sir Joseph Cook was born in Staffordshire in 1860, and worked as a pit-boy.—Dr. Richard Strauss recently came to London for the first time since 1914, to conduct two concerts of his works.—Sir William Matthews designed harbour works in various parts of the world.—The Hon. Ernest Victor Gibson, who died suddenly of heart failure following influenza, was a brother of Lord Ashbourne.



ON the left of the steps, from left to right, are (in the foreground): Mlle. Catherine Fonteney (Belise); M. Escande (Don Juan); Mlle. Bretty (Jacqueline); M. Georges Berr (Mascarille); Mlle. Marie Leconte (Madelon); Mlle. de Chauveron (Cathos); M. de Ferudy (Harpagon); M. Brunet (Mascarille); Mlle. Berthe Bovy (Agnes); M. Paul Mounet (Arnolphe). In the background on the terrace are: M. Georges Le Roy (Léandre); M. Denis d'Inès (the Merchant of Orvintana); Mlle. Ventura (an Egyptian); M. Desjardins (Statue of the Commander); M. Gerbault (Sganarelle); Mme. Silvain (Lucette); M. Léon Bernard (M. de Pourceaugnac); M. Dessannes (Octave); Mlle. Dussane (Nérine); and M. Falconnier (M. Fleurant).

FROM THE DRAWING

"LA MAISON DE MOLIERE" HONOURS THE TERCENTENARY OF MOLIERE: HIS CHARACTERS

Many members and *pensionnaires* of the Comédie Française, Paris, took part in the celebration at that theatre of the Tercentenary of Molière, who was born on January 17, 1622. They appeared in the characters of his comedies which they have been accustomed to play, and paraded before a group of young women representing the Muses gathered round a bust of Molière. The chief personages of each of his plays descended the steps together and ranged themselves



(Argan); Mlle. Devoyod (Beline), (Louison). Kneeling in the foreground is Mlle. Madeleine

BY LUCIEN JONAS.

ON the right of the steps, from left to right, are (in the foreground): M. Silvain (Tartuffe); Mlle. Cécile Sorel (Célimène); M. Dehelly (Lélie); Mlle. Madeleine Roch (as Night); Mlle. Jane Faber (Marinette); M. Le Bary (Alceste); M. Croup (Scapin); back to camera: M. Albert Lambert (Jupiter) and M. Dorival (Sganarelle). In the background on the terrace are: A group of musicians; M. Fresnay (Eraste); Mlle. Gabrielle Robinne (Angélique); M. Alexandre (Dorante); Mlle. Jeanne Delvaire (Princesse d'Elide); M. Paul Numa (M. Jourdain en Mammamouchi); M. Jean Hervé (Trissotin); and another, whose name and character are uncertain.

PERSONATED BY SOCIÉTAIRES AND PENSIONNAIRES OF THE PRESENT COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

on either side. In the illustration are seen (in the centre) those of the "Malade Imaginaire." The names of the players and characters (in brackets) here shown are given above. A scene from "Don Juan" is illustrated on the "Music of the Day" page in this number. The Comédie Française is often referred to by French writers as "La Maison de Molière."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

RIALTAS SEALADACH NA HEIREANN AT THE BRITISH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL



PROTECTORS OF DUBLIN CASTLE PENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT'S FORCES: THE BRITISH GUARD INSPECTED IN THE UPPER COURTYARD ON THE DAY OF THE CEREMONY.



THE HEAD OF THE IRISH PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT ENTERS DUBLIN CASTLE: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS ARRIVING AT THE PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBER.



WATCHING THROUGH A LOOP-HOLE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE CARS CONTAINING MEMBERS OF THE IRISH PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: A BRITISH SENTRY AT THE MAIN GATE OF DUBLIN CASTLE.



PERFORMING SOME OF THEIR LAST DUTIES AT THE OLD HEADQUARTERS OF BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND: BRITISH SOLDIERS REMOVING BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES FROM AN APPROACH TO DUBLIN CASTLE.

One of the first proceedings of the new Irish Provisional Government was to visit Dublin Castle, for centuries the citadel of British rule in Ireland, in order to arrange for the transfer of the powers of Government. This historic occasion took place on January 16, and after it was over the following official communiqué was issued from the Castle: "In the Council Chamber at Dublin Castle this afternoon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant received Mr. Michael Collins as the head of the Provisional Government provided for in Article 17 of the Treaty of December 6. Mr. Collins handed to the Lord Lieutenant a copy of the Treaty, on which the acceptance of its provisions by himself and his colleagues had been endorsed, and other members of the Provisional Government were then introduced. The Lord Lieutenant congratulated Mr. Collins and his colleagues, and informed them that they were now duly installed as the Provisional Government, and that, in conformity with Article 17 of the Treaty, he would at once communicate with the British Government, in order that the necessary steps might be taken for the transfer to the Provisional Government of the powers and machinery requisite for the discharge of its duties. He wished them every

CITADEL IN IRELAND: THE "SURRENDER" OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

C.N., AND L.N.A.



THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, WHO RECEIVED THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: LORD FITZALAN LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.



A FORCE THAT MAY BE SENT ON POLICE DUTY TO PALESTINE: AUXILIARIES—THE "F" DIVISION ADDRESSED BY GENERAL BOYD (LEFT), IN COMMAND OF THE DUBLIN DISTRICT



OLD HEADQUARTERS OF BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND: DEFENCES FROM AN APPROACH TO DUBLIN CASTLE.

POPULAR ENTHUSIASM IN DUBLIN OVER THE END OF "CASTLE RULE" IN IRELAND: THE SCENE IN THE UPPER CASTLE YARD AS THE MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT LEFT.

success in the task that they had undertaken, and expressed the earnest hope that under their auspices the ideal of a happy, free, and prosperous Ireland would be attained." His Majesty the King telegraphed from Sandringham to Lord Fitzalan: "Am gratified to hear from your telegram of successful establishment of the Provisional Government in Ireland. Am confident that you will do all in your power to help its members accomplish the task that lies before them." The proceedings were described as follows in an official statement issued by the Irish Provisional Government: "Rialtas Sealadach na Heireann (Provisional Government of Ireland) received the surrender of Dublin Castle at 1.45 p.m. to-day. It is now in the hands of the Irish nation. For the next few days the functions of the existing departments of that institution will be continued without in any way prejudicing future action. Members of Rialtas Sealadach na Heireann proceed to London immediately to meet the British Cabinet Committee to arrange for the various details of handing over. A statement will be issued by Rialtas Sealadach na Heireann to-morrow in regard to its immediate intentions and policy.—For Rialtas Sealadach na Heireann—Michael Collins, Chairman."

THE IRISH FREE STATE BROUGHT INTO BEING: "A NEW ERA" BEGUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND C.N.



"WE WANT THE OLD DIFFERENCES BETWEEN IRISHMEN TO BE BANISHED FOR EVER": PRESIDENT GRIFFITH (FIFTH FROM LEFT, IN FRONT) AND OTHER ELECTED MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN PARLIAMENT WHO RATIFIED THE TREATY.



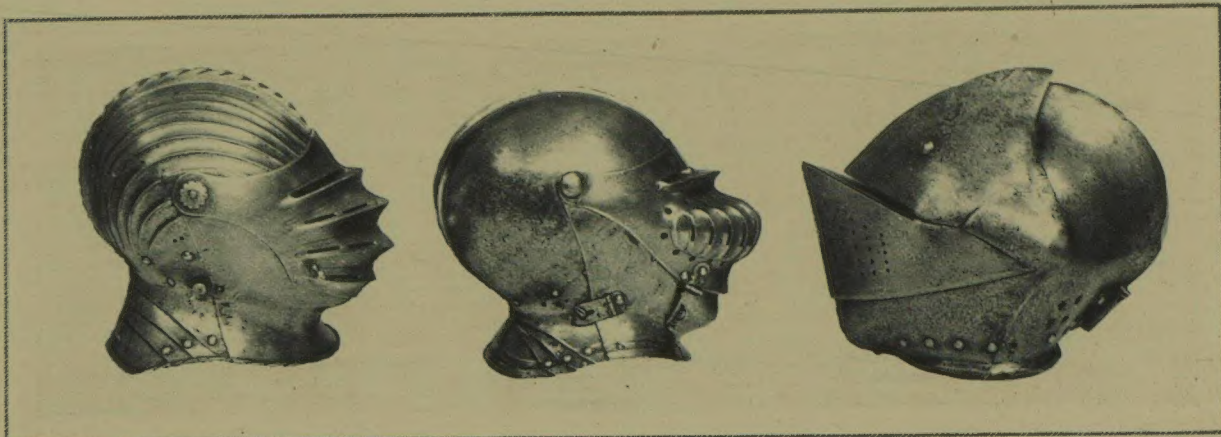
"WE ARE STARTING ON A NEW ERA": THE RATIFICATION OF THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY BY THE SOUTHERN PARLIAMENT AND THE FORMATION OF A PROVISIONAL IRISH GOVERNMENT, IN THE OAK ROOM OF THE MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

The Irish Free State was called into existence on January 15, in the Mansion House, Dublin, at a meeting of 65 elected Members of the Southern Parliament, convened by President Griffith as Chairman of the Irish Delegation of Plenipotentiaries. Mr. de Valera and his party were absent, so there was no opposition, and the proceedings were brief and businesslike. The Anglo-Irish Treaty was unanimously approved, and a Provisional Government was appointed consisting of Messrs. Michael Collins, W. Cosgrave, E. J. Duggan, P. Hogan, F. Lynch, J. McGrath, J. MacNeill, and K. O'Higgins. President Griffith said: "We are starting on a new era and we want the old differences that existed between sections

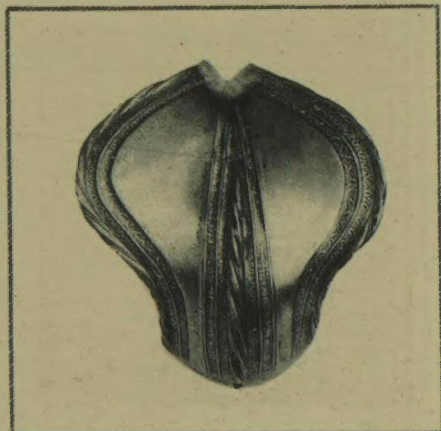
of Irishmen to be banished for ever." His words drew a cordial response from Professor W. E. Thrift on behalf of the four members for Trinity College. In the front row of the upper photograph (from left to right, beginning with the second figure) are seen: Messrs. J. MacNeill, F. Lynch, Michael Collins, Arthur Griffith, W. Cosgrave, Kevin O'Higgins, E. J. Duggan, and Desmond Fitzgerald. In the right foreground (standing with left hand in pocket) is Mr. J. McGrath. In the lower photograph the Chairman (on the right) is Alderman Liam de Roiste. On the front bench (to the left) are: (left to right) Messrs. Cosgrave, Duggan, Griffith, and Lynch. Mr. Michael Collins was on the front cross bench facing the Chairman.

THE ARMOURER'S ART: THE MEYRICK COLLECTION UNDER THE HAMMER.

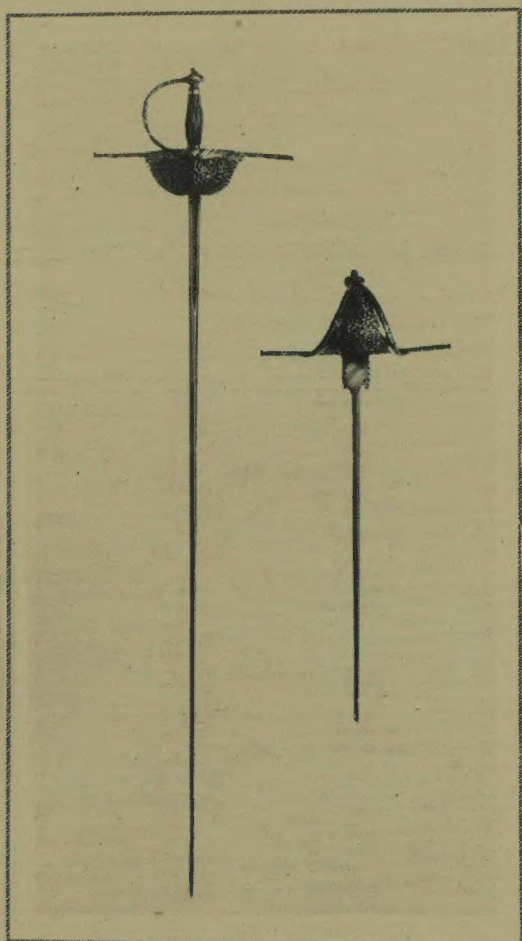
REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



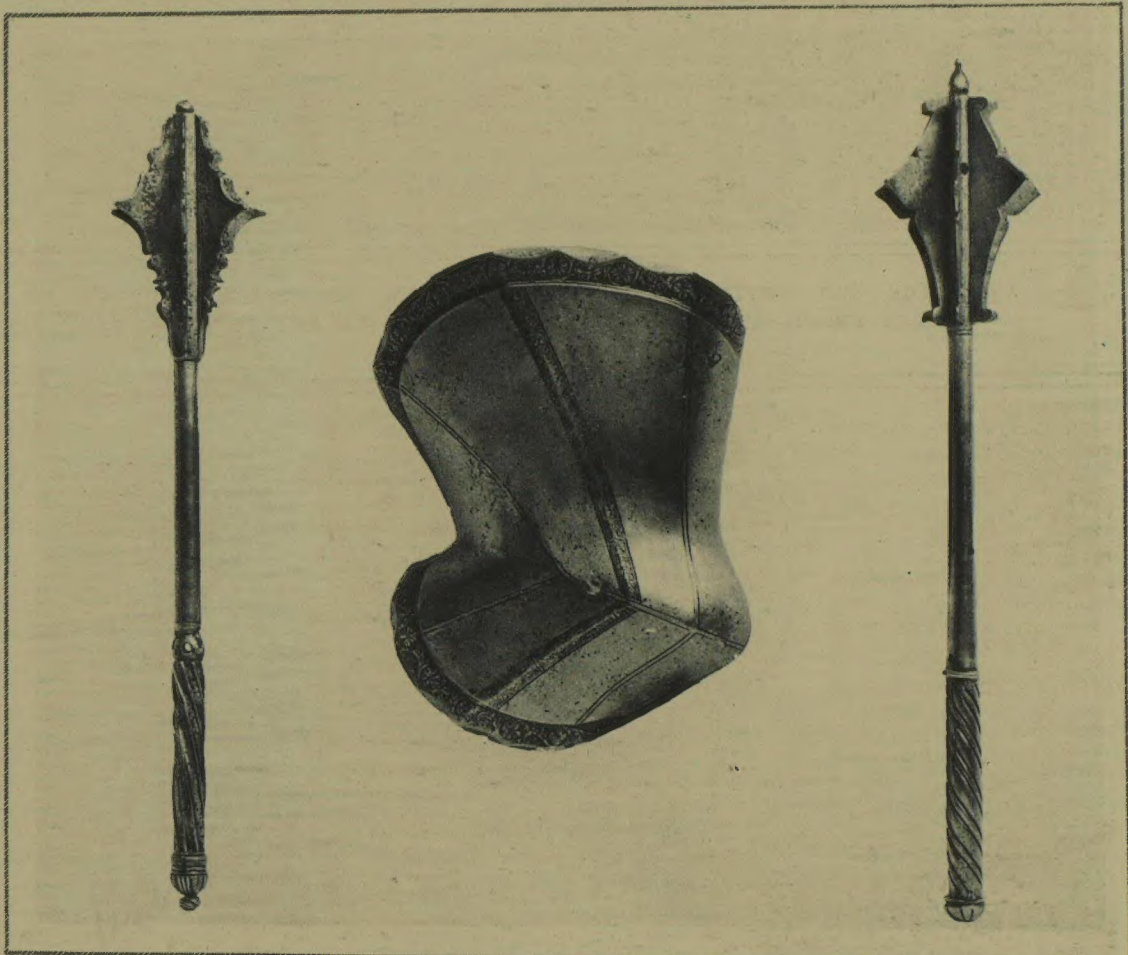
SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WORK: A MAXIMILIAN HELMET (GERMAN; CIRCA 1500); A GERMAN HELMET; AND AN ITALIAN ARMET (CIRCA 1500).



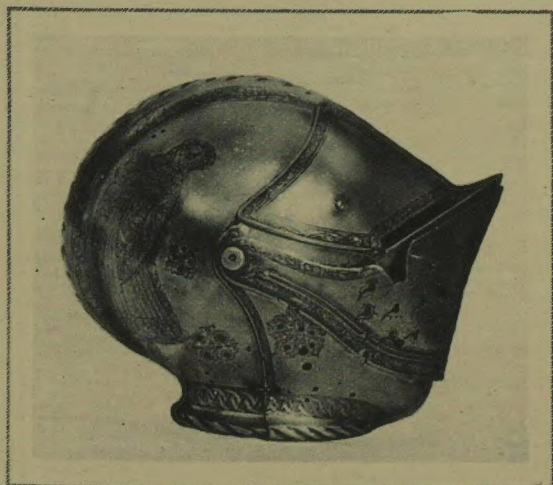
OF UNIQUE QUALITY: A REINFORCING PLATE OF AN ELBOW COP.



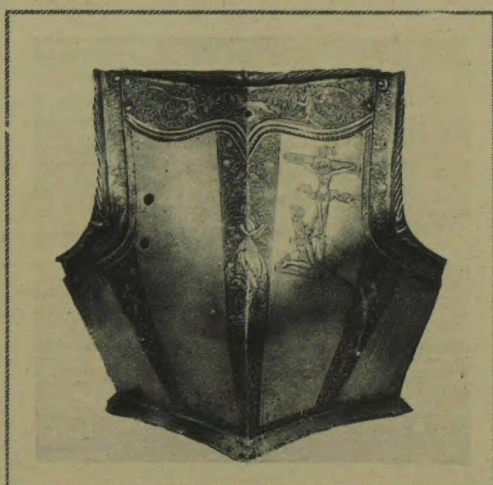
VERY RARELY FOUND IN COMPANY: A SPANISH CUP-HILT RAPIER AND ITS MAIN GAUCHE DAGGER.



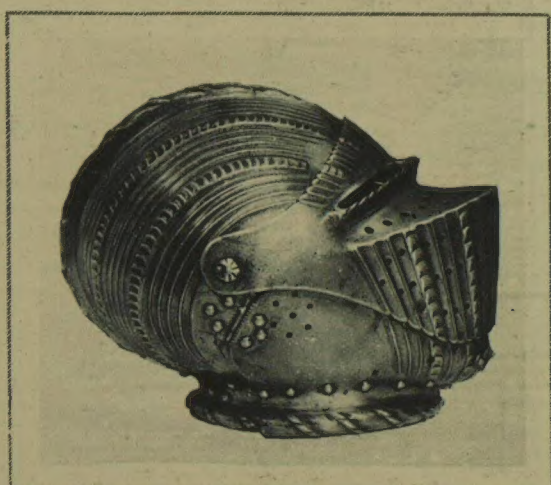
MACES AND A GUARD-DE-BRAS: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY STEEL MACE; A MIDDLE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GUARD-DE-BRAS; A GERMAN GOTHIC MACE.



ETCHED WITH FIGURES OF SAINTS ELIZABETH AND DOROTHY (?): A GERMAN ARMET OF ABOUT 1550.



ETCHED WITH A CRUCIFIXION: A GERMAN BREAST-PLATE (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).



GERMAN AND DATING FROM ABOUT 1500: A PARTICULARLY FINE MAXIMILIAN ARMET.

The famous Meyrick Arms and Armour, now the property of Mr. Leonard Brassey, M.P., is to be sold by auction at Christie's, on February 21 next. Dr. William Meyrick formed the collection during the mid-nineteenth century, after the disposal of the Goodrich Court Collection, and in his catalogue, printed in 1861, he mentions that his object "has been to procure such specimens only as are really of good form or of good workmanship." As to certain of the pieces illustrated, the following notes will be of interest: The Italian armet in the first photograph weighs 13 lb.—The reinforcing plate for elbow cop, seen in the second illustration, is of superb quality, and undoubtedly formed part of a suit of armour which, in the early sixteenth century, must have been unique of its kind.—The Spanish

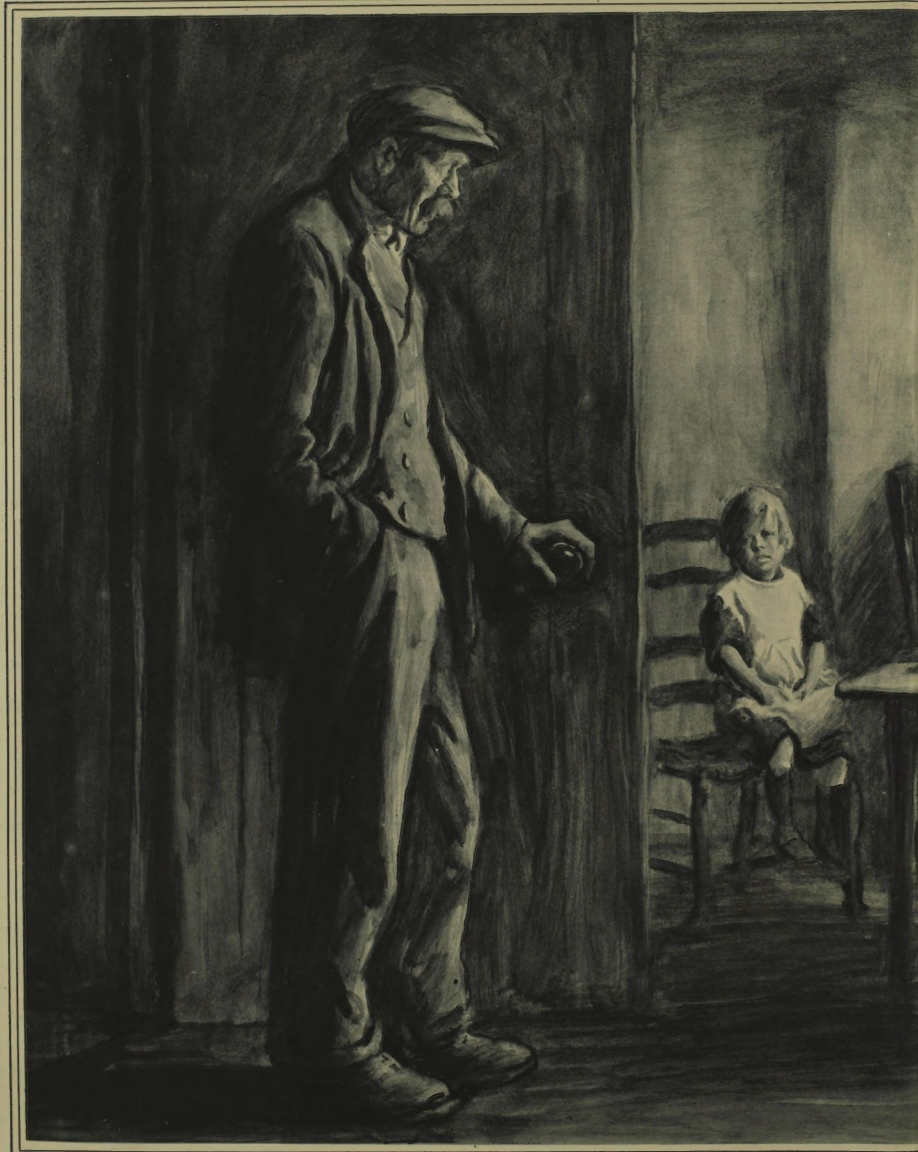
cup-hilt rapier and its companion *main gauche* dagger are especially interesting, as it is very seldom that a rapier and dagger belonging to each other are met. Those with which we are concerned were once in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke, but, later, were divided for many years. Eventually, the dagger was traced to Paris, and purchased by the then owner of the rapier.—The armet illustrated in the fifth photograph has its skull etched on either side with costumed female figures presumed to represent Saints Elizabeth and Dorothy.—The central panel of the breast-plate shown in the sixth photograph is embellished with a female figure with "Pacientia" inscribed above it. On the sinister breast is etched a Crucifixion with a kneeling knight.

BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED REGION": OUR EQUIVALENT TO

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

THE WAR-STRICKEN TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FRANCE.

ARTIST, A. C. MICHAEL.



"ALL DAY THEY WALK IN SEARCH OF WORK, AND RETURN HOME . . . WEAK AND
APPEAL FOR FRENCH SYMPATHY WITH "THE CRY OF THE WOMEN

Many distinguished Frenchmen listened sympathetically to Lord Derby's admirable speech (made recently in Paris), in which he showed that this country, as well as France, has suffered deeply from the effects of the war. "Britain," he said, "has her devastated areas as well, a fact which Frenchmen are perhaps sometimes inclined to forget. . . . It is in her industrial centres that now lie the 'devastated areas' of England. I wish I could take you to my home, which lies between Liverpool and Manchester. I could take you in a motor-car on a drive lasting from morning till night, and during that drive you would pass through many great towns, through many streets, and never would you go through the same town or the same street twice. This great area, extending for sixty miles, is our 'devastated region.' . . . I see in the streets hundreds and thousands of men who fought under Lord French by your side. They want to



DISPIRITED, AFTER A VAIN QUEST": A TYPICAL SCENE ILLUSTRATING LORD DERBY'S
AND CHILDREN" AMONG BRITAIN'S MILLIONS OF UNEMPLOYED.

work, and they cannot get work. All day they walk in search of work, and return home to their wives and children weak in body and dispirited in mind after a vain quest. . . . This is our 'devastated region.' This is part of the price England has paid for the war. . . . I am sure that, if Frenchmen could see industrial England as it exists to-day, one of the great causes of Franco-British misunderstandings would be removed for ever. The cry of the women and children would make Frenchmen realise that, in seeking to develop British trade, Mr. Lloyd George is only striving to do a simple act of justice to their British comrades of the war." The number of people "wholly unemployed" in the United Kingdom was recently given by the Ministry of Labour as approximately 1,885,300.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



EGYPTIAN "FINDS" 3000 YEARS OLD: THE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT I.



AN enthralling story of the recent excavations at Lisht, in Egypt, by American archaeologists, is told by Mr. A. C. Mace in the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, from which the following extracts relating to our illustrations (on this and other pages) are taken:—

"The excavation of the pyramid of Amenemhat I., resumed this season after an interval of



"IN MANY OF THE HOUSES THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A SHRINE": FIG. 3, A GROUP OF HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THE VILLAGE PERIOD AT LISHT.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

six years, presents an extraordinary tangle of archaeological problems.

"The story of the site, briefly, is this. In 3500 B.C., or thereabouts, the ground now covered by Amenemhat's pyramid and temple was occupied by a village or settlement of the semi-nomadic pre-dynastic people. No trace of the actual village remains, but the pottery and fragments of stone vases that we find among the later antiquities are clear proof of its existence.

"Not until 2000 B.C. does the history of the site really begin. Then it was that Amenemhat I., shifting his capital from Thebes to some point as yet undiscovered near the mouth of the Fayum, the better to control the northern end of his newly acquired kingdom, selected this particular spot for his future place of burial, and set on foot the construction of his pyramid. The site chosen was not a good one from the builders' point of view, for it sloped rapidly away both eastwards and southwards. The work was never brought to completion, the idea of a temple on the same level as the pyramid being abandoned at some period during the construction in favour of a smaller one on a much lower level. We have, inextricably

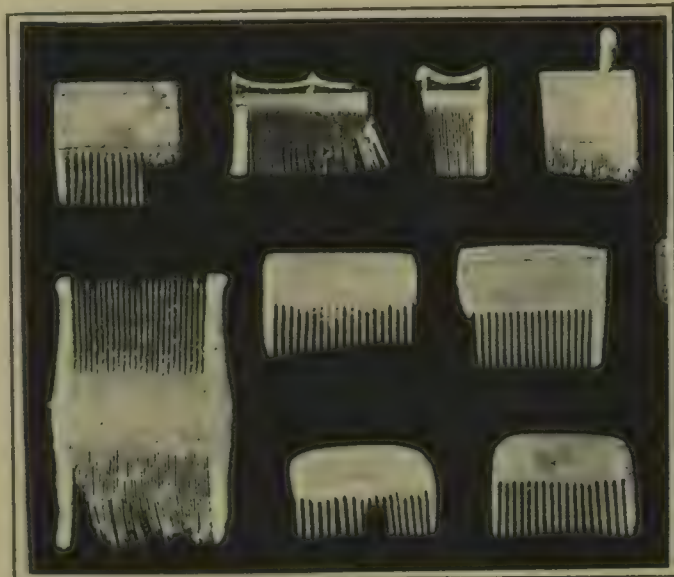
(3) actual temple relief; (4) temple relief copied from Old Kingdom models.

"To return to the history of the site. Amenemhat died and was buried, and his successor, Senusert I., after building himself a larger and more magnificent memorial about a mile and a half to southward, in due course followed him. Round the two pyramids sprang up the tomb-superstructures of the courtiers and officials; round them again were grouped the graves of their families, their servants, and their descendants, increasing and ever multiplying as one generation succeeded another, till by the end of the XII. dynasty the ground within a large radius of either pyramid was literally honeycombed with burial pits. Next came the fall of the dynasty. Straightway plundering began. By the XIV. dynasty at latest, any pretence of guarding the necropolis was abandoned, and the site was definitely given over to the tender mercies of the tomb-robber and the quarryer. A village sprang up among the ruins. Possibly a mere group of quarryers' huts to begin with, this village grew to a considerable town, spreading over the whole of the northern end of the site, overlying and cutting into the earlier buildings. After about a thousand years of activity, this village disappeared, and the archaeological history of the northern end of the site comes to an end. It is quite time to turn to the results of the present year's work.

"This year our main objective was the western side, on which we had reason to believe that the tombs of the king's family might be situated. Upwards of three hundred men and boys were steadily employed. Here, as everywhere else on this end of the site, we had only to scratch the ground to come on house-walls of the later village, and though they were a nuisance from one point of view, in that they delayed us from getting right down to the primary object of our search, they did furnish the work with that peculiar note of human interest which tombs, however rich and exciting, must inevitably lack. In Fig. 2 we have a group of village houses, built, as the photograph shows, right up against the side of the ruined pyramid. Fig. 1 gives a view of a single house, the one in the foreground of the large photograph, seen from the entrance. This particular house has a stairway at the side of it, leading either to an upper storey or to another house on a higher level of the pyramid slope. Nothing intrinsically valuable was found in any of these houses, but the leavings and losings of a village, even a poor one such as this, are a veritable mine of information when we come to try to work out the details of the daily life of its inhabitants, and we collected an enormous amount of miscellaneous material. See, for example, Fig. 4, in which are grouped a number of copper tools and other objects—nails, tweezers, fish-hooks and harpoons, lance and arrow heads, rasps, needles, axe-head, etc.—and Fig. 5, a group of wooden combs. Flint implements of all varieties were there in great profusion, and, among other classes of material, we may mention spindles, loom-weights, weaving implements and parts of looms, net-sinkers, drill-caps, plumb-bobs, weights, flint-hammers, corn-grinders, parts of lamps, wooden mallets, baskets, and sieves. In many of

"It was comparatively late in the season before we could get down to XII. dynasty level, and decide the great outstanding problem of the season. Were we, or were we not, to find the tombs of the princesses? We did find the princesses' tombs—four of them—but they had all been cleared out by plunderers. At the south-east end, there were a number of burial pits, made presumably for the family and servants; from one of them (No. 379) came the blue paste lion in Fig. 12.

"A considerable section of the actual pyramid base was laid bare. In the course of this clearing we came upon the most interesting archaeological find of the whole season's work—the foundation deposit that lay beneath the south-west corner. Pyramid foundation deposits are rare at the best of times: on the present site, with its bewildering jumble of half-solved problems, such a find had a peculiar importance. The hole containing the deposit, oblong at the surface and oval below, was covered by a roughly dressed slab of limestone (see Fig. 9), and filled with clean white sand. This cleared away, the actual deposit (Fig. 10) was laid bare, consisting of an ox-skull, six roughly shaped bricks of clay, and a mass of small and very badly broken vases and saucers of pottery. Dull and uninteresting enough in all conscience at first sight, but in reality very much the reverse, for the bricks, crushed and cracked by the heavy weight that had rested upon them, came to pieces

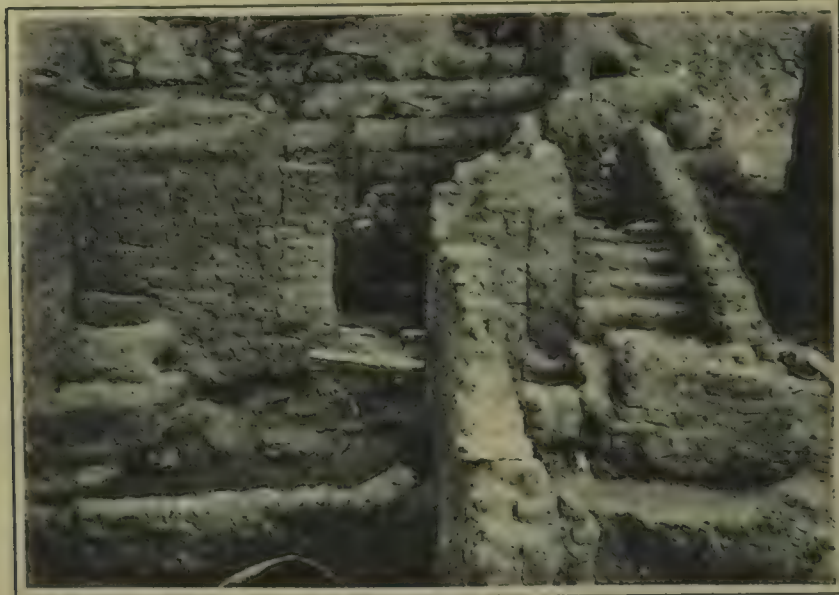


"THE LEAVINGS AND LOSINGS OF A VILLAGE ARE A VERITABLE MINE OF INFORMATION": FIG. 5, WOODEN COMBS OF THE VILLAGE PERIOD FOUND AT LISHT.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

as they were being lifted out of the hole, and revealed the fact that each contained a plaque (Fig. 11), inscribed with the name of the king, and, still more important, with that of his pyramid. Two of the plaques had been of copper, two of faience, and two of limestone.

"Upwards of a hundred XII. dynasty burial shafts were cleared. In one was found a serpentine statuette, set into a limestone table of offerings (Fig. 14). In another pit no less than eight whole or broken statues and statuettes were found. Ivory wands, both plain and inscribed, were exceedingly common in this group of pits, those shown in Fig. 16 all coming from a single shaft. Several were inscribed with beautifully cut figures of mysterious animals. There can be no doubt that wands such as these were amuletic in character, made to protect their owner from the fearsome creatures that he expected to encounter in his journey through the underworld. A particularly charming piece of ivory carving is an erect lion in Fig. 21, and in Fig. 20 we have a crocodile in the same material, so life-like that you feel he must surely swish his tail if you only watch long enough. The pottery vase shown in Fig. 18 is distinctly new in type, and must either be a foreign importation or have been made under foreign influence. It is a light yellowish pink in colour, with a decoration of birds and dolphins (?) in dark red outlined with white, another curious feature about it being the fact that the handle drops to the shoulder again, instead of attaching itself to the rim. Among casual finds, as we may call them, there are three that need special mention—a limestone weight (Fig. 19), all four of whose sides were inscribed with the name and titles of one of the Senuserts, probably the First; ivory inlay, dedicated to King Khety (IX. dynasty); and part of a glazed tile, with a cartouche of King Khenzer."



"WE HAD ONLY TO SCRATCH THE GROUND TO COME ON HOUSE-WALLS OF THE LATER VILLAGE": FIG. 1, A HOUSE BUILT AGAINST THE PYRAMID AT LISHT, WITH A STAIRWAY TO AN UPPER LEVEL.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

mixed and hard to distinguish, the following four groups of relief to deal with: (1) Old Kingdom relief, re-used in the construction of the pyramid; (2) relief from the earlier temple of Amenemhat, re-used as foundation blocks for the temple;

the houses there seems to have been a shrine, in which was placed a rough limestone figure of the household god (see Fig. 3). The projecting piece of wall in the foreground of Fig. 2 may very well be a shrine of this nature.

VILLAGE LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT: COPPER IMPLEMENTS AND HOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



USED BY EGYPTIAN VILLAGERS SOME 3000 YEARS AGO: FIG. 4. COPPER IMPLEMENTS OF THE VILLAGE PERIOD AT LISHT, INCLUDING "NAILS, TWEEZERS, FISH-HOOKS, AND HARPOONS, LANCE AND ARROW HEADS, RASPS, NEEDLES, AND AXE-HEAD."



AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE THAT EXISTED FROM ABOUT 1700 TO 700 B.C.: FIG. 2. A GROUP OF HOUSES AT LISHT BUILT AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT I., AFTER IT HAD BEEN PLUNDERED AND REDUCED TO RUINS.

These remarkably interesting photographs tell us much about the life of an Egyptian village some 3000 years ago. From the abridged article by Mr. A. C. Mace on another page we learn that it was in 2000 B.C. (nearly 4000 years ago) that Amenemhat I. began to construct his pyramid at Lisht. After the fall of his dynasty, it fell into ruin and was plundered by tomb-robbers. "Within two or three hundred years of the King's death" (i.e., about 1700 B.C.), writes Mr. Mace, "it had lost all semblance of pyramidal form and had been reduced to a mere shapeless mound of crumbling stone. A village sprang up among the ruins. . . . Poor folk for the most part its inhabitants seem to have been,

cultivating their little patches of ground, fishing a little, spinning and weaving a little, glass and bead-making a little, and . . . burrowing for treasure. . . . There is nothing in this world quite so conservative as an up-country Egyptian village, and there are many still existing that were founded in the days of the first pyramid-builders. It is difficult, indeed, to see why such a village ever should come to an end. For some reason this one did, after about 1000 years of activity." This brings us to about 700 B.C. The remains of the old village have been excavated by the American expedition. The above illustrations are referred to as Fig. 4 and Fig. 2 in the article before-mentioned.

A FOUNDATION DEPOSIT NEARLY 4000 YEARS OLD, AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE



"SO LIFE-LIKE THAT YOU FEEL HE MUST SURELY SWISH HIS TAIL IF YOU ONLY WATCH LONG ENOUGH": FIG. 20. A CARVED IVORY CROCODILE FROM A TWELFTH-DYNASTY BURIAL SHAFT AT LISHT.



FROM A TWELFTH-DYNASTY BURIAL PIT: FIG. 14. A SERPENTINE STATUETTE ON A LIMESTONE TABLE OF OFFERINGS.



REVEALING WITHIN A PLAQUE INSCRIBED WITH THE KING'S NAME: FIG. 11. A CRACKED BRICK FROM THE FOUNDATION DEPOSIT.



"AN OX-SKULL, SIX ROUGHLY SHAPED BRICKS OF CLAY, AND A MASS OF SMALL AND BROKEN VASES": FIG. 10. THE ACTUAL FOUNDATION DEPOSIT CLEARED.



"THE HOLE WAS COVERED BY A ROUGHLY DRESSED SLAB OF LIMESTONE, AND FILLED WITH CLEAN WHITE SAND": FIG. 9. THE FOUNDATION DEPOSIT OF THE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT I.



"LIGHT YELLOWISH PINK, WITH DECORATION OF BIRDS AND DOLPHINS": FIG. 15. A PAINTED VASE.

OTHER RELICS: "FINDS" AT THE AMENEMHAT I. PYRAMID.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



FROM A BURIAL PIT NEAR THE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT I.: FIG. 12. A FIGURE OF A LION IN BLUE PASTE.



WITH ALL FOUR SIDES INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME AND TITLES OF (PROBABLY) SERUBERT I.: FIG. 19. A LIMESTONE WEIGHT, ONE OF VARIOUS "CASUAL FINDS" OF UNCERTAIN DATE AT LISHT.



"AMULETIC IN CHARACTER, MADE TO PROTECT THEIR OWNER FROM THE FEARSOME CREATURES HE EXPECTED TO ENCOUNTER IN THE UNDER-WORLD": FIG. 16. A GROUP OF CARVED IVORY WANDS, ALL FOUND IN ONE BURIAL SHAFT, NEAR THE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT I. AT LISHT.

King Amenemhat I. of Egypt began to build a pyramid for his own tomb about the year 2000 B.C., or nearly 4000 years ago. Part of the ruins at Lisht has recently been explored by American archaeologists, and the remarkable discoveries they made are described elsewhere in this number in an abridged article by Mr. A. C. Mace. While the photographs on the other pages illustrate the remains of a later, but still ancient, Egyptian village built among the ruins of the pyramid, those given above show objects found while exploring the base of the pyramid itself and the numerous burial-chambers connected with it. The numbers of the Figures (Fig. 20, and so on) correspond to those mentioned by Mr. Mace in his article, where the various objects are described in further detail. The most interesting find of the whole season, he mentions, was the actual foundation deposit (here illustrated) of the pyramid; that is, the objects placed in

a special receptacle when the foundation stone was laid, as is still done in modern times. Among these objects were some bricks, which came to pieces on being taken out, revealing the fact that each contained within a plaque inscribed with the King's name. Two of the plaques were of copper, two of faience, and two of limestone. "Of the last," says Mr. Mace, "one was missing, that from the brick on the lowest level nearest to the ox-skull. It could not have been stolen by the workmen, for I did the final clearing myself, and lifted everything out of the hole with my own hands. Moreover, the hole in the brick it had occupied was full of hard, tightly packed sand, so hard that it needed scraping with a knife to remove it. The cast of its inscription was clearly visible on the clay. The brick must have come in half while it was being deposited, and the plaque stolen by the Twelfth-Dynasty builder."



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.



MUSIC IN THE HOME.

ONE feels moved to declare that the only place for music in the home is the bath-room. We all feel tempted to sing occasionally, and that is where we should be when the temptation seizes us. When I was a child, music in the drawing-room was the great curse of the age. It was in the declining days of Queen Victoria, when music meant "The Messiah," "Elijah," and Boosey Ballads. From every middle-class drawing-room throughout the land week by week went up on Sunday evening a lamentable howling that was described as sacred music. In those days the world was full of "Lost Chords" and "Holy Cities," and earnest contraltos and baritones trying to find them.

Looking back and trying to recapture that atmosphere of nineteenth-century religiosity, one finds it incredible that people could have been so little conscious of their mental dreariness. Into what secret channels did their hidden vivacity flow? Certainly not into music! Was not Sullivan chided for wasting his gifts upon Comic Opera when he might have been writing oratorios and cantatas! And how well one knows what those oratorios and cantatas would have been! We have "The Golden Legend," and the "In Memoriam" overture to show us what we have missed.

It is a pity that Mr. Lytton Strachey in his study of Queen Victoria did not make some inquiry into the musical taste of her family and that of the Prince Consort. It was very unfortunate that in place of the musical Tudors and Stuarts we should have been so unlucky as to get always the most unmusical of German Princes. For there is little doubt that the influence of Queen Victoria and her Court was the most adverse possible. There is no need to go further in order to place the responsibility for the encouragement of the Oratorios and the Drawing-Room Ballad which were England's substitute for music during the nineteenth century. In those days music was a young lady's accomplishment; every young Miss tinkled at the piano, and had a singing master who taught her to warble delicately and coyly, with the right number of well-founded protestations as to her lack of ability, the latest effort of the day's popular song-writer.

But have we progressed so very far from this? I believe we have, although the list of new songs advertised weekly by the leading publishing houses is not very reassuring. The Boosey and Chappell Ballad Concerts continue to flourish, though the stream of characterless songs flows no longer undiluted from the platform. A light orchestra and instrumentalists of real ability now vary the monotony, and it is noticeable at the Promenades that an ever smaller percentage of the audience waits for that second half of the programme which used to be such an orgy of sentiment and bad singing. Nevertheless, these songs must be bought in large quantities, and presumably some unfortunate, unresisting audience

has to hear them at its own fireside, or in the drawing-rooms of friends.

But, whoever the purchasers are, one never meets them nowadays. Occasionally I go to the house of some friends who, strictly speaking, are not musical, yet I find that when they go to a concert it is usually an orchestral concert, or the recital of some well-known artist at the Albert Hall on a Sunday afternoon. In this house you will find upon the piano "The Beggar's Opera," or "Patience," or a collection of folk-songs. I can't imagine what you would have found there twenty-five years ago. I do not believe they could

comedy. The "commanding premises" and the advertisements of publishers of cheap music witness to an enormous and sustained consumption of their wares.

I am told that the consumers of the drawing-room ballad look down on this public with an air of conscious superiority. They are musical; these others are a mere uneducated rabble. Living in somewhat stolid comfort at Muswell Hill and the less approachable suburbs, they are unaware that there are heights beyond them, where in a somewhat rarefied air are to be heard the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Hugo Wolf and Brahms. Truly,

those heights are somewhat depopulated nowadays. There is but a scanty support for life there. One large soprano of Teutonic, Dutch, or Scandinavian extraction will consume in a single annual visit to the Æolian or the Wigmore Hall all the herbage which that region has produced in a twelvemonth. But even these visits of the *bos femininus* are unknown to them. Still less known are the fashionable resorts among yet higher altitudes, where the intellectuals, the real intelligentsia, are gathered together listening to the songs of Debussy, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and their own friends in a state of complete scepticism.

As we push our way upwards towards the highest altitudes, we are conscious of an ever-thinning population. Not only are people less numerous, but there are fewer and fewer houses, until finally we arrive at a region where there are only hotels, or where such houses as exist are indistinguishable from hotels. In these houses and hotels only the best music by the best artists is to be heard. Chamber-music by such superb musicians as the Flonzaley Quartet; violin-playing by such virtuosi as Kreisler and Heifetz; piano-playing by such stars as Josef Hofmann and Moritz Rosenthal; and the music by such composers as Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and a few carefully selected, or not too carefully selected, moderns. We can hardly call performances so exquisite and professional of music so complex

and sophisticated, "music in the home." We are now among the homeless, that handful of civilised people which drifts with a superb, superficial polish upon the highest plateaus of Europe. Can we say it is really musical? Can we say that here, at last, freed from the cramping and detestable influences of the private drawing-room—the drawing-room into which only the people whom one has known all one's life, and whom one detests with a detestation that is reciprocated, enter—can we say that here, in the public places of the *haut monde*, we have come at last to the really cultured, to the few who know, not from reputation, but by virtue of their own insight and sensibility, the true from the sham, the great from the mediocre, the exquisite and delicate from the mannered and finicking? Can we? No, we can't! How lamentable! How very lamentable!



THE MOLIÈRE TERCENTENARY REVIVALS AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: THE GREAT SCENE IN "DON JUAN"—THE APPARITION OF THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER AT DON JUAN'S SUPPER.

The Tercentenary of Molière (1622 to 1673) is being celebrated at the Comédie Française in Paris this month by revivals of most of his 25 plays. "Don Juan" has already been given. The drawing shows the most thrilling moment, when the statue of the Commander interrupts the supper. The actors are (left to right) M. Desjardins as the Commander, M. Raphael Duflos as Don Juan, and M. Georges Berr as Sganarelle. In London the tercentenary is being observed by a series of lectures and plays at the French Institute, of which particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Mlle. Michaut, 3, Cromwell Gardens, S.W.7.—[From the Drawing by Lucien Jonas.]

ever have stood "Nazareth" and "The Holy City," or "The Yeoman's Wedding" and "Alice, Where Art Thou?" But one never knows!

On the whole, I believe that this household is typical of a minority. Most unmusical families possess a piano. In the Dominions, I am told, everybody possesses a piano; in England nearly everybody. Ninety per cent. of the owners of pianofortes have no more than an imperceptible glimmer of musical taste. I say "imperceptible," because to any really musical person it would be imperceptible; but the theory of evolution inclines us to the *a priori* belief that some glimmer must be there. Now what do these possessors of pianofortes consume in the way of music? Well, I should say mostly dance music—fox-trots, one-steps, rag-time and waltzes innumerable! After that songs from the music-hall, revue and musical



OFF TO DRAW EXMOOR: HUNTING IN THE DOONE COUNTRY.

Hunting on Exmoor is uphill and down-dale work, for the moorland hills range from about 1100 to 1700 ft., the chief heights being Dunkery Beacon and Exe Head. The Exmoor pack has its kennels at Oare, near Lynton. The Joint

Masters are Mr. B. Crompton-Wood and Mr. J. L. Newman, and the huntsman is George Barwick, who is seen in the left foreground of our picture. Exmoor is the land of "Lorna Doone," and the chief home of the Doones was at Badgworthy.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LIONEL EDWARDS. (COPYRIGHT.)



GROUSE IN WINTER: HEATHER-FEEDERS WHO WILL PERMANENTLY FORSAKE A MOOR COVERED WITH FROZEN SNOW AND MIGRATE IN SEARCH OF "BLACK GROUND."

Our readers may have noticed that in publishing last week a series of British Game-Birds in Winter we omitted the grouse. We now give this picture of what may be called our national game-bird. The others, it may be recalled, were reproduced in black and white. An interesting note on this illustration is contributed by the artist, Mr. G. E. Lodge, who writes: "A heavy fall of snow, together with a prolonged spell of frost, may do very great damage to a grouse moor. When the snow is soft they can burrow down and get at the heather, on which they subsist almost entirely during the winter. But if the surface of the snow stays hardened by frost, then the grouse migrate right away, and will travel away in large packs for many miles, on

their search for 'black ground.' And when this is found, a long way off, they will never find their way back again to their original locality. In this way moors have been denuded of their stock of grouse; and other moors, which perhaps have never had anything like a stock of grouse on them, have suddenly been found to be smothered with grouse, to the great joy of the owner or tenant when the next shooting season comes round. One argument in favour of keeping sheep on a grouse moor is that the sheep in their wanderings trample down the snow and thus enable the grouse very easily to get at their food. But, of course, sheep are never on high moors in mid-winter."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

ON THE RIVIERA, SOCIETY'S REFUGE FROM THE WINTRY WINDS: EVENING AT MONTE CARLO.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECIL KING



"THE LIGHTS BEGIN TO TWINKLE FROM THE ROCKS": MONTE CARLO AT TWILIGHT—THE YACHT-HARBOUR AND TWIN TOWERS OF THE CASINO.

This winter Society has flocked to the Riviera, with its sunshine and flowers, and the gay towns of the Côte d'Azur have recovered their pre-war prosperity. The principal buildings and hotels there stand on a rocky promontory skirted by the coast railway, which serves the various towns of the French and Italian Riviéras. At the end of the promontory is the promenade, above which rise the twin towers of the Casino. To the west, Monte Carlo is adjoined by Monaco, at the head

of the yacht harbour, which is enclosed on the west by the lofty rock of Monaco, crowned with gardens and bearing at its landward end the Palace of the Prince. From this rock is obtained the finest view of the town and bay. To the eastward Monte Carlo itself extends nearly as far as the promontory of Cap Martin, distinguished by the white villa which was once a resort of the Empress Eugénie. [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

HE who would write about the Essay gives hostages innumerable to criticism. In other subjects he stands less deeply committed, for his work is not bound to take a definite form, but any appreciation of the Essay must be itself an essay, or it fails and the reader sleeps. No task is more formidable: at the writer's elbow wait the great intimidating shades, most gracious in themselves, but intimidating in their perfection. Foremost Bacon and Montaigne; then the sparkling galaxy of the eighteenth century, with Addison and Steele brightest in the constellation; and in the nineteenth, Lamb and Stevenson waving their implicit warning to trespassers. This warning writ runs in its largest letter when the subject of the Essay is the Essay in its quiddity. Then may the daring writer well despair, for his way is beset with pitfall and with gin, as thickly as Omar's. If he try to lay down the laws of the Essay—a thing knowing no law yet certain necessities—before he is aware he will have fallen headlong into the trap of the dull dogmatic, which ought to find no place here.

Even Henley barely escaped this reproach when he drew the character of the ideal essayist, and these twenty lines newly written by a 'prentice who will never be out of his time already proclaim their rank offence in this particular. Who that is not heaven-born to the work can evade it or rise to that happy mastery of the essayist's discursive art known in our day impiously, yet affectionately, as "Birrelling"? There, as in few other places, you have that "infinite riches in a little room" essential to the literary form which we have in mind. For of the swingeing, critical treatise in the Macaulay vein—the Ercole vein—it is not our present hint to speak, but rather of those lighter flowers of the mind, those winning brevities of letters that are the children of a mood, a whim, a sentiment, caught up and played with by some godfather ripe in the knowledge of men and books, and gifted with a gentle persuasiveness of manner.

The Essay on the Essay, perilous thing that it is, comes off best, I think, in "Dream-thorpe," where Alexander Smith contrived to give his subject its proper form and to draw its picture in lines of idyllic suggestion. For what is an idyll, literally, but a "little picture"? Richest, perhaps, of his suggestions is this: "Jaques, in 'As you Like It,' had the makings of a charming essayist." Who can doubt it? Jaques' eye for character and his felicity in hitting it off in the fewest words beats Bishop Earle at his own delectable game of "Microcosmographie," just as Earle, for sly humour and pungent wit, beats Theophrastus, his master. For, at the best, Theophrastus doth something stick—in my gizzard at least: others are free to their opinion—and it is small matter for surprise that Stevenson would not be tempted to write on the "Characters," when that task was very eagerly put before him by John Addington Symonds, to win R.L.S. from the "capitulations of sincerity and solecisms of style" the scholar suspected in his friend's instant enterprise—"Treasure Island." It was not of that occasion that Stevenson said "Satan met me there," and he owned that Symonds was not far wrong in

his opinion; but, had the tempter prevailed, is there one among us who would say that the thing was of the Lord? And, his deference to purists apart, Stevenson was glad that "Treasure Island" saw an end and "brought fire and food and wine to a deserving family."

Our subject permits wide digressions, and so, perchance, the foregoing may escape arrest for vagrancy; or, if arrest be inevitable, may win acquittal on the plea that it is conveyed from one of the most delightful of Essays. On the other pos-

the Dozy Hours," a volume of truly fashioned essays dear to me for its defence of indolent reading.

Miss Repplier, writing in 1894, took for one of her subjects, "The Passing of the Essay," a calamity said to be imminent at that time. Hagar-like, unwilling to see the child die, she yet would not copy Hagar in averting her eyes, but "took heart of grace and looked a little around" her, to find two volumes of deep comfort and reassurance—"Obiter Dicta" and "Virginibus Puerisque." Whence she remarked, in the words of Sancho Panza, "This youth, considering his weak state, hath left in him an amazing power of speech."

Can the same be said to-day of the "light" as opposed to the "critical," essay? Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Lucas are always with us; but how many of the others will win in the long run a place beside those whom Henley (with the apt aid of Poe) called the "'rare and radiant' masters of the art"? Three new volumes, lately come to the reviewer's table, are so engaging that one hesitates to make them the vehicle of any carping note. Frequently they run true to type, in that they are intensely personal, candid, sincere, kindly observant, humorous and witty (the grouped *desiderata* are Henley's); but one of them now and then tends to neglect the counsel that it is not the light essayist's duty "to build pathways through metaphysical morasses"; a second, and in lesser degree a third, raise the old debate (so neatly left in the air by Mr. Saintsbury) whether the issue of work contributed to periodicals is desirable or not. On these counts the reader must be the final judge, for since your essayist is the chartered libertine among writers, his subject and his performance are not to be called into judgment; so he make them acceptable, and prove himself the right whimsical fellow, with a quip here, a wise saw there, a deft quotation yonder, and in the end all said "with ease and opportunity to all men."

Of these graces you will not be stinted in Mr. Stephen Paget's latest proof of a practised pen in a practised hand, "I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE" (Macmillan; 5s.), the weighed conclusions of a scholar and physician Victorian in his affections, but steadfast in his outlook upon a strange new world, and still hopeful. Mr. Paget is of knowledge all compact—he is impatient of ignorance, in which, with a great deal of knowledge, Mr. Robert Lynd professes to take such delight that he has called his new essays "THE PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.) and communicates the same to his readers through the medium of agreeable talk on country matters, betting men, the railway train, and, most piquant subject, "The Morals of Beans"—a title that

compels reading. Lastly, still with your eye on fresh woods and pastures new, you will travel "IN A MANTLE BLUE" (Palmer; 6s.) fortunately accompanied by Mr. Leonard Rice Oxley, to Oxford, the Cotswolds, and the Fen country, and I warrant you of good talk by the way.



PRINCE ARTHUR'S SON PRESENTED WITH A KAFFIR CHIEF'S KNOBKERRIE: THE YOUNG EARL OF MACDUFF WITH MINE OFFICIALS AND NATIVE CHIEFS AT JOHANNESBURG.—[Photograph by Topical.]

sible charge—that of larceny—we have Mr. Birrell to our advocate, when he upholds Sterne, "in spite of the fact that some of the most characteristic remarks of his characters are, in the language of the Old Bailey, 'stolen goods.'" In the Essay, oftener than not, it is the stolen waters that are the sweetest, just as the bread of the "prose lyric" (the description is Smith's aforesaid) is pleasantest when it is eaten in secret. *In angello cum libello*—the wise old monk's recipe for the reader's choicest



A ROYAL SALUTE ON XYLOPHONES MADE OF WOOD AND PETROL-TINS: A NATIVE BAND WELCOMING PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT JOHANNESBURG ON DINGAAN'S DAY.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, Governor-General of South Africa, with Princess Arthur and their little son, the Earl of Macduff, attended a fête at the City Deep Mine, Johannesburg, on Dingaan's Day, December 16 last. The native chiefs, who wore their picturesque "war paint," presented the young Earl with a Kaffir chieftain's knobkerrie. It may be recalled that a strike of Rand gold-miners began at Johannesburg on January 10.—[Photograph by Topical.]

dish tastes never so savoury as when the little book is a book of Essays, and these the right sort, the work of one who "can speak with ease and opportunity to all men." To many the favoured nook is bed—has not Thackeray confessed it, and so confessing, has given Agnes Repplier the cue for "In

THE DANGER TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: LEADERS OF THE APPEAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY HARRISON (LINCOLN), AND RUSSELL.



SECRETARY TO THE CHAPTER OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: MR. WILLIAM WALKER SMITH.



ARCHDEACON OF LINCOLN SINCE 1913: THE VENERABLE GEORGE WYNNE JEUDWINE.



DEAN OF LINCOLN SINCE 1910: THE VERY REV. THOMAS CHARLES FRY, D.D.



BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF GRANTHAM: THE RIGHT REV. JOHN EDWARD HINE, D.D.



THE NINETIETH BISHOP OF LINCOLN: THE RIGHT REV. W. SHUCKBURGH SWAYNE, B.D.



THE WIFE OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN: MRS. SWAYNE.



THE ORGANIST OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: MR. GEORGE J. BENNETT, MUS.DOC.



SUB-DEAN AND CANON-RESIDENTIARY OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: THE REV. E. T. LEEKE.



PRECENTOR AND CANON RESIDENTIARY OF LINCOLN: THE VEN. ARCHDEACON E. M. BLACKIE.

All who care for the glories of English architecture will be moved by the appeal now being made for the preservation of Lincoln Cathedral, whose condition has for some time given cause for grave anxiety. Writing recently to the "Times," Dr. Fry, the Dean of Lincoln, said: "It is the considered and urgent advice of Sir Charles Nicholson (architect to the Cathedral), and Sir Francis Fox, of Winchester fame (consulting engineer), that within the next five years £50,000 must be spent to secure the complete stability of this Cathedral. Two of our

towers are insecure, part of the nave wall has begun to bulge, and other important details should be taken in hand. Our staff are, of course, daily at work; but this is quite beyond our present funds, even though (as, of course, we intend to do) the Dean and Chapter make personal surrenders. . . . I have no doubt that, under the lead of a deservedly popular Lord Lieutenant (Lord Yarborough), the county and the city will rise to the occasion; but even that will not be enough. I ask leave to extend the appeal to all in Great and

[Continued opposite.]

IN PERIL: "THIS WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL SHRINE OF ST. HUGH."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK H. EVANS.



"TWO OF OUR TOWERS (CENTRAL AND N.W.) ARE INSECURE; PART OF THE NAVE WALL HAS BEGUN TO BULGE":
LINCOLN CATHEDRAL—FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WHICH AN APPEAL IS MADE FOR £50,000.

Continued.
Greater Britain who know or have ever read of this wonderfully beautiful shrine of St. Hugh, for help in the work. A large number of our kinsmen from America visit us; I hope to go there in person and plead our needs. No conscientious archæologist need fear that the building will be 'reconstructed.' It is purely a question of extensive and thorough grouting and of making stable whatever is insecure. . . . May I end on a personal note? A long life has given me a large host of friends in all ranks as well as of 'Old Boys,' whose addresses to-day I do not always feel sure of. I ask them, one and all, to forgive personal short-

comings and to help make it possible for me, when the wheel of life ceases to run, to leave a great trust fulfilled." Dr. Fry was formerly Headmaster of Oundle School and previously a master at Cheltenham College and Durham School. There is a serious crack in the upper part of the north-west tower of Lincoln Cathedral, a portion of the building that dates from the end of the fourteenth century. At a county meeting held in the Chapter House on January 13, Lord Yarborough said that the central tower was also in a dangerous condition. The force of every storm added to the peril. Lincoln Cathedral was founded about 1075.

WITH A DUKE'S DAUGHTER AS LEADING LADY: "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"—THE FIRST NATURAL-COLOUR FILM PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF

J. STUART BLACKTON PHOTOPLAYS.



AS HER GODDESS NAMESAKE: LADY DIANA MANNERS AS DIANA IN A
TABLEAU—A SCENE OF "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" AT COVENT GARDEN



MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS STEPHANIE, LADY DIANA MANNERS AS
LADY BEATRICE, MR. LAWFORD DAVIDSON AS LORD FITZROY (L. TO R.)



MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT, MR. VICTOR MCLAGAN, MR. GERALD LAWRENCE,
MISS FLORA LE BRETON, AND LADY DIANA MANNERS (L. TO R.)



THE MERRY MONARCH IN A PETULANT MOOD: MR. WILLIAM LUFF AS
KING CHARLES THE SECOND, BEING DRESSED BY HIS VALETS.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON: ONE OF THE SPECTACULAR SCENES IN
"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE," WITH OVER A THOUSAND PERFORMERS.



HER DÉBUT AS A PROFESSIONAL FILM ACTRESS: LADY DIANA MANNERS
AS LADY BEATRICE FAIR, WITH CHARLES II. (MR. WILLIAM LUFF).



AS NELL GWYNN, TO WHOSE PORTRAITS SHE BEARS A STRIKING RESEM-
BLANCE: THE HON. LOIS STURT IN A SCENE WITH CHARLES II.



PREDICTING THE DESTRUCTION OF LONDON BY FIRE: SOLOMON EAGLE,
A RELIGIOUS FANATIC (MR. TOM HESSEWOOD).

There were many reasons for the enormous interest aroused by the *première* of "The Glorious Adventure," a romantic seventeenth-century photo-play, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 16. It marks a new era in film production, as being the first screen play presented in natural-colour cinematography, by the Prisma process. It is also memorable for the fact that in it Lady Diana Manners makes her début as a professional film actress. She is, as everyone knows, the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and was already well known as an amateur actress of exceptional ability. In 1919 she married Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, but she retains her maiden name for stage purposes. Another aristocratic member of the cast is the Hon. Lois Sturt, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Alington, who was chosen for the part of Nell Gwynn because of her striking resemblance to the portraits of the Merry Monarch's favourite, and also for her vivacious personality. Like Lady Diana, she too has had wide experience in private theatricals.

The scenario of "The Glorious Adventure" is by Mr. Felix Orman, Literary Director of the Blackton Productions, who is also publishing the story in the form of a serial and a novel. The film has an all-British cast, with twenty principal parts taken by famous players. Including the court and *fête ensembles*, dancers and special performers, there were 240 in the cast, exclusive of crowds. The total number of performers in the crowd scenes was over a thousand. The atmosphere of the period has been carefully kept in the decorations; exterior scenes have been taken at old houses and inns of seventeenth-century architecture, and the art objects used, including Vandyck portraits of Charles II., came from famous collections. The United Kingdom rights in the play have been acquired from Mr. J. Stuart Blackton by the Stoll Film Co., which has made arrangements for the distribution of the film throughout the country. This pioneer production in colour has aroused especial interest among artists and photographers.

AFTER PAINTINGS BY AN ARTIST WORKING UNDER WATER.

FROM PAINTINGS BY ZARH PRITCHARD, EXHIBITED AT THE GALERIES GEORGES PETIT, PARIS. BY COURTESY OF THE PURCHASER, THE PRINCE OF MONACO, AND THE ARTIST.



PAINTED IN THEIR NATIVE ELEMENT: QUEER FISHES OF THE SOUTH SEAS—FROM AN OIL SKETCH DONE UNDER WATER OFF TAHITI.



FROM A PAINTING MADE AT A DEPTH OF 50 FT. IN THE SOUTH SEAS: CORAL TOWERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA OFF MARAA, TAHITI.



FROM AN OIL PAINTING MADE AT A DEPTH OF 32 FT. UNDER WATER: THE BASE OF A BASALT CLIFF OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST.

A new world for the landscape-painter—at the bottom of the sea—has been opened up by an adventurous artist, Mr. Zarh Pritchard, who paints under water in diving dress. An exhibition of his submarine paintings was held recently at the Galeries Georges Petit, in Paris, and several of them were bought by Prince Albert of Monaco, whose interest in oceanography is well known. The catalogue says: "Hitherto painters of nature have chosen their subjects



POINTED ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: A SUBMARINE "LANDSCAPE" FROM A STUDY IN OILS PAINTED 16 FT. UNDER WATER.

on land. Zarh Pritchard has been the first to take his easel into the sea depths to paint the landscape under the sea. In his youth his favourite pastime was diving. In the bay of Portobello, in Scotland, he would remain under water weighted by a bag of sand. It was then that his eyes were opened to the fairy wonders of the ocean floor. At the time of his voyage to Tahiti, he donned diver's costume and made his first descent to a depth

(Continued opposite.)

"LANDSCAPES" OF THE SEA-BED: SUBMARINE PAINTINGS.

FROM PAINTINGS BY ZARH PRITCHARD. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND THE GALERIES GEORGES PETIT, PARIS. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



"ONCE DOWN, HE WOULD SELECT HIS VIEW-POINT, AND HIS BOATMEN LOWERED ON A CORD HIS CANVAS, PALETTE, AND BRUSHES":
CORAL ROCKS—A SUBMARINE "LANDSCAPE" IN THE SOUTH SEAS.



"THE CANVAS HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY COVERED WITH LINSEED OIL, THE COLOURS ADHERED PERFECTLY AND DID NOT RUN
ON DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE WATER": A BASALT TUNNEL ON THE SEA-BED.

Continued.]

of twenty metres (about 65 ft.). Once down, he would select his view-point, and then, at a pre-arranged signal, his boatmen lowered to him on a cord his canvas, palette and brushes. The canvas having been previously covered with linseed oil, the colours, which were of a thick consistency, adhered to it perfectly, and did not run on direct contact with the water. Owing to the

cold, or fatigue from the weight of water overhead, Zarh Pritchard had to rise to the surface after about half an hour, sometimes leaving his canvas and palette at the bottom of the sea, where he found them again next day, as there are no currents among the coral reefs. The pictures exhibited were done from studies actually painted in the depths of the sea."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

AS I write, no date had been fixed for Princess Mary's wedding; to which everyone is looking forward. If her Royal Highness had to please everyone it would indeed be a puzzle to settle this matter. Five out of every six people have different ideas of the best possible dates for this great event, and each gives quite good reasons for that which is in his or her mind. However, the principals have the matter in hand, and when this is in print doubts will probably be at an end. All preparations are going forward without fuss or flurry, and presents are pouring in, while the correspondence of the Princess has reached enormous limits. Happily she will not be called upon to deal with it personally, as some girls in "high society" have done, and been so exhausted when the wedding day arrived that it was doubtful if they would get through the ceremony without a breakdown. Princess Maud will be one of the bridesmaids of Princess Mary. It was said that when her Highness was bridesmaid to Lady Patricia Ramsay, she very decidedly declared that she would never act in that capacity again, as no bridesmaid should, in her opinion, be more than twenty-five; now, owing to her great affection for Princess Mary, she has used her prerogative of changing her mind.

Lady Rachel Cavendish is helping Princess Mary with personal preparations for her wedding. Lady Rachel is in her twentieth year, and is clever, capable, and bright. Her younger sister, the youngest member of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's family, is thirteen, and has been given an old Cavendish name—that of Anne. She has a little niece, Anne Mackintosh, who inherits

There were beautiful dresses and still more beautiful wearers at the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House last week. The littlest children of all were dressed either as fairies, butterflies, or powder-puffs. One of the last-named, aged two years and three-quarters, walked all alone up the long corridor, shook hands with the imposingly robed Lord Mayor and

was a recent wedding where all the bridesmaids' dresses were in peacock blue and dull and pale gold. Nothing could have been more effective or more becoming. The skirts were plain, dark, peacock blue; the over-dresses, having a slight pannier effect, were of bright blue striped irregularly with dark and light gold. Wreaths of satin flowers were worn in dark blue, dark crimson, and fuchsia red, and bouquets were carried of shaded blue Spanish iris. There was a page in similar gold-striped blue satin, made as a tabard over peacock-blue silk hose. It was a colour-scheme of which everyone who saw it cordially approved.

Where there's a will there's a way. Proof of this truism was afforded by the way in which the great chocolate-manufacturing firm of Cadbury succeeded in transporting even the latest orders to their Christmas customers. As orders dispatched to the shops after Dec. 21 would not reach their destination in time for the great festival, this enterprising firm made special arrangements with the Midland Railway Co. to have vans attached to passenger trains. There was still the difficulty of loading. This was got over by a large body of railway officials being assisted by Cadbury's employees on the Despatch Deck at Bournville. Further arrangements were made to have the vans attached to expresses on the main routes of all railway companies throughout the kingdom, and so orders received up to 9 a.m. on the 21st and 22nd were delivered in time for Christmas; and Cadbury enterprise conquered difficulties.

Among the winter-sport lovers at St. Moritz the Lord Chancellor of England, in the neatest of winter sports costumes, accompanied by his elder daughter in still neater, flies to and fro over a three-mile stretch of perfect ice—even waltzes and cuts figures thereon, forgetting stuffy wigs and gorgeous robes, and critical conferences, and everything but the sunshine and the champagne-like air. His boy has recently entered his sixteenth year. Miss Eleanor Smith has precedence over all débutantes of her year if she chooses to take it. The matter troubles her not at all, I hear. A. E. L.

HATS AND SCARVES FOR WINTER SPORTS.

The hat on the left and the scarf are of composition serge mouflon; the cowl in the centre is of old blue and Etruscan red; and the Russian cap on the right and the scarf are of white wool quadrated with violet.

the Lady Mayoress in blue and gold and diamonds, and walked on, into the Egyptian Hall, through ranks of strange grown-ups. Her pale-blue satin and swansdown was charming, but her wee, wistful face, which was wreathed in smiles when a proud "mummie" lifted her up, was just wholly lovable. What on earth, or under the earth, makes little boys like to go in costume as the Devil? There were seven "Mephistos" that I saw. Their faces were like those of angels—the unfallen variety—and their scarlet-and-black "get up" did not make them a tiny bit Mephistophelean. A perfect little Mr. Pickwick was interesting, although unmade-up child-like faces are the most satisfactory. There were Dolly Sisters, Heavenly Twins, a Basket of Strawberries walking with a Spirit of Christmas. There were between five and six hundred children and over three hundred grown-ups, so it was, in Wild West parlance, "some" party! It was very greatly enjoyed.

Princess Marie (or "Mignon," as she is known in her family circle) of Roumania, who is betrothed to King Alexander of Serbia, completed her education in a school at Ascot, and was in England later, when her education was finished. She is pretty and clever, and is the one of the Roumanian royal family who most loves England. King Alexander is thirty-four, and Princess Marie is twenty-two; both were born in December. Princess Ileana, her young sister, also a December girl, has just entered on her fourteenth year. The Queen of Roumania has married her eldest daughter to the heir to the Greek throne; her second is now betrothed to the King of Serbia; and Princess Ileana is said to be remarkably pretty, remarkably fascinating, and extremely nice, so she ought to have an emperor. At present there is only one—our own.

Dress on the Riviera, a friend who has just come back tells me, shows little alteration in form from what was worn last season. Draped dresses are still irregular as to length of skirt. Substantial skirts, worn for golf and tennis, are even as to hem, although a few of these are fringed. There are signs that colour will play a part in our spring dress campaign, and no one will be sorry for a change from the rather depressing collective influence of black, becoming as it so often proves individually. That we shall indulge in bright, strong colours is unlikely. British women have not done so since mid-Victorian days, when royal blue, magenta, puce, and crimson were in favour. Yellow is likely to be popular, and in spring young women's fancy turns to thoughts of green, albeit it is said to mean jealousy. There is a predisposition to popularise blue, and in this colour there are so many lovely shades that a craze for blue will be welcome; it really is, as the old rhyme runs, the sweetest colour that's worn. There



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

Made of crêpe de Chine, a V-shaped embroidery is attached to the front of the sash, from which hangs a silk fringe forming a complete overskirt.



AN EVENING DRESS.

Chiffon velvet is one of the most fashionable materials just now, both for day and evening wear. The frock above is in that material, and its colour hyacinth blue.

her name from a very celebrated member of the Mackintosh Clan who raised and commanded a regiment to fight for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Miss Anne Mackintosh is a pretty wee girl about four. She was just over two when her aunt, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, was married, and, having heard a great deal about bridecake, was very anxious to taste it. Her tender years made it inadvisable to give her so rich a cake. She was therefore given a biscuit under the name of bridecake. She looked at it, tasted it, and said that she should take it home to "Bullie"; her baby mind decided that the great cake was very much overrated, and was better to look at than to eat; but she knew that "Bullie" had few prejudices where food was concerned.



A SPORTS SUIT.

It is made of jade velour; the collar and cuffs are white, and to make it look still gayer, both the cap and coat are embroidered with cerise wool, and the leggings are adorned with cerise wool fringes.

PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDESMAIDS: EIGHT GIRLS OF BRITISH BIRTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEAIGHT, I.B., HARRIS'S PICTURE AGENCY, BERTRAM PARK RITA MARTIN, AND C.N.



LADY VICTORIA MARY CAMBRIDGE, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE.



LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BRADFORD.



LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ATHLONE AND PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE



LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH, FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.



LADY MARY THYNNE, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BATH.



LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MARCH.



PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE.

THE bridesmaids chosen by Princess Mary to attend her at her marriage to Viscount Lascelles are all girls of British birth. The date of the wedding has not (at the time of writing) been fixed, but it is expected to take place towards the end of February, in Westminster Abbey. Princess Maud is the younger sister of Princess Arthur of Connaught, and has always been one of Princess Mary's most intimate friends. Lady Victoria Mary Cambridge is a first cousin of Princess Mary. Her father, the Marquess of Cambridge, is a brother of the Queen, and her mother is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Lady May Cambridge is also Princess Mary's first cousin, as her father, the Earl of Athlone, is a younger brother of the Queen. Her mother, Princess Alice, is the daughter of the Duchess of Albany. Princess Maud, Lady Victoria Cambridge, and Lady May Cambridge all acted as bridesmaids to Princess Arthur of Connaught and to Lady Patricia

(Continued below)



LADY ELISABETH BOWES-LYON, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Continued.

Lady Rachel Cavendish is the elder unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and has three married sisters. She was very popular in Canada when her father was Governor-General. Lady Mary Thynne is one of the organisers of the Marys' Gift to Princess Mary. Her parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, gave a house party at Longleat, at which Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles were among the guests, shortly before the engagement was announced. Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox is a grand-daughter of the Duke of

Richmond and inherits the family love of sport. Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon is a great-great-grand-daughter, through her mother, of the third Duke of Portland. Her parents entertained the Queen and Princess Mary at Glamis Castle last summer, and the Duke of York stayed there during the autumn. Lady Diana Bridgeman is the youngest of the bridesmaids. When only twelve she published a book of "Poems and Paintings." Her father, a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, is a cousin of Viscount Lascelles.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CLOSE TIME FOR WOODCOCK.

ALL who are interested in measures designed to protect our native birds during the breeding season will welcome the plea, which is gaining rapidly increasing support among sportsmen, for an extension of the close season for woodcock, which, it is urged, should commence on Feb. 1. That is to say, "cock" are to be bracketed with partridges and pheasants, and for the same reason—to protect them during the breeding season. Indeed, these birds are in greater need of this protection, for they nest earlier than either the partridge or the pheasant. Till now woodcock-shooting in February has been regarded as quite legitimate sport, since, it was argued, none were killed but those which had come to us for the winter from regions farther north, our own birds being still in their winter quarters farther south. But this argument is, to say the least, an unwise, because an improvident argument, since by killing the birds which were returning to their breeding quarters the bag for the coming autumn and winter must inevitably be reduced. This fact is only just dawning on the sportsman—but better late than never.

The agitation for this reform began with the observations of a gamekeeper; and they have had very important results. As a consequence of his cogitations, he succeeded in having woodcock barred at farmers' rabbit shoots on the estate over which he had control, so that none were shot in February. The first year after trying this he had three nests, and the second year (1920) five. I have not seen his results for 1921. This highly satisfactory experiment shows either that our native woodcock do not entirely desert us in the winter, or that they begin to return earlier than was supposed. As a consequence of this discovery it is suggested that the law must be amended so as to forbid the shooting of these birds after the middle of January. It is to be hoped that the local County Councils will follow the example of Norfolk, which has extended the close season for woodcock so as to ensure protection from Feb. 1 to Aug. 13.

Ireland would seem to be the "fashionable winter resort" of the northern woodcock. The earliest arrivals appear during the latter half of October, travelling apparently down the west coast of Scotland, and making a halt on the extreme northern island of Innishtrahull; passing thence into Ulster, they make their way slowly down the west coast. During November and December, the stream of migrants reaches its height. If the weather be mild

While the majority of these immigrants arrive by this direct north to south route, a considerable number seem to cross England and Wales, skirt the south of Ireland, and then turn northwards along the west coast. But some seem to lose their bearings, and, continuing straight on, perish in the Atlantic, since numbers have been reported, at different times, floating dead upon the sea far from land; and similar fatalities have been reported from Cornwall. The spring

migration to their breeding quarters in northern Europe appears to be a much more leisurely movement, since nothing like the same numbers are noted along the routes traversed during the autumn rush. Some are detected leaving the country as late as April, long after the native-bred birds have begun nesting. But, strangely enough, no great numbers of woodcock seem to breed in Ireland; but the number appears to have been slowly increasing since 1860: and this is believed to be explained by the extension of plantations.

The comparatively small number of woodcock breeding in Ireland is the more difficult to understand since the common snipe, its near kinsman, is exceedingly plentiful as a breeding bird; while its numbers are greatly augmented from abroad during the winter months. Unlike the woodcock, the resident snipe can be distinguished from the autumn immigrants, and this by their distinctly greyer colour. If it be possible to enact laws in Ireland which will be respected (and where "game" is concerned this is doubtful), it may be found that the breeding-stock of wood-

cock would be materially increased by protective legislation, framed to safeguard it during the entire breeding season, as we are in a fair way to do in England.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Clubland has its own directory in the familiar form of the little oblong red book entitled "Clubs" (Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.), edited by E. C. Austen-Leigh. With the new edition for 1922 it attains its 30th year. The volume contains the names and addresses of 3936 British Clubs all over the world. These include 1738 Golf Clubs, of which 226 are Ladies' Golf Clubs.



QUEUED UP TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT: AMERICANS OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

On the occasion of the New Year's reception at the White House, hundreds of people waited for hours in the queue for their turn to shake hands with President and Mrs. Harding.

Photograph by Harris and Ewing; supplied by Topical.

and wet, for some weeks after their arrival, they may be found scattered over the mountain heaths. But should severe frosts set in, they leave inland districts to seek the western and southern sea-board, and the outlying islands. But even here disaster may overtake them, as, for example, during the frost of 1881, when, in Kerry and Clare, the late Sir Ralph Gallwey recorded an enormous mortality. He counted, on one occasion, as many as eight hundred laid out on benches, which had either been shot, or killed with sticks and stones, in ditches and clumps of furze, and brought to market by the peasants in sacks.



TOO many moderns let their cigarette smoking develop into a mere nervous habit of unconsidered repetition.

No harm in that, perhaps, so it stop short of real excess. But what a

sad misuse of an exquisite gift of the kindly gods!

Mere gratitude should dictate a more thoughtful appreciation of such good things as

MATINÉE Turkish Cigarettes

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“BLACK & WHITE”

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co. Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE RATTLESNAKE." AT THE SHAPTESBURY.

"THE Rattlesnake" makes quite an exciting piece of stage romance, with the American War of Independence as the basis of its tale, and South Carolina supplying a rather novel locale; but it suffers from excessive subtlety and complexity of plot. The main incidents concern the siege of Charles Town, and American plans to entrap the besieging British general; those plans are betrayed, and what spectators are kept asking themselves during the play's progress is whether the hero, Harry Latimer, or his young wife, Myrtle, is the guilty party. Neither could plead ignorance of the foiled scheme; Harry himself outlined it to his wife; but when he did so, he imagined it to be an invention of his own which he imparted to her to test her fidelity. She undoubtedly left her home just a quarter of an hour before the scheme was divulged to the enemy. Yet neither was she a traitor. What was she up to, then? Ah, that is where the complications of Messrs. Harold Terry and Rafael Sabatini's plot really come in, and to unravel them further might spoil readers' chances of getting a thrill out of the court-martial scene and its sequel. It requires, indeed, very close attention to grasp the military details of the story, or the conduct of some of its characters. The spy, it is true, gives himself away when, in his masquerade of a Quaker tobacco-planter, he proves himself at sea over the relation of seeds to the acre; the grim Governor makes no bones as to his attitude towards persons suspect of pro-British sympathies; and the heroine's father ultimately goes crazy in defence of the old régime. But it is easy to imagine playgoers being puzzled over the political complexion of the "Rattlesnake" society, or over young Latimer's treatment of his bride. The authors have helped to mystify their audience by overcrowding their canvas; their *dramatis personæ* are too numerous for them to have scope to concentrate on their leading figures, and give them vitality. Still, Mr. Fisher White makes something more than a sketch of the old loyalist Carey, especially in his burst of madness, and Mr. Edward O'Neill gives the Governor a dour impressiveness. The portrait of the heroine is drawn so vaguely that all Miss Cathleen Nesbitt can do is to show intensity in the big scene of the trial. As for Mr. Milton Rosmer's performance in the rôle of Latimer, it is pleasant enough, but lacks the dash and fire a Lewis Waller would have supplied.

MR. BAYNTON'S HAMLET, AT THE SAVOY.

Other Hamlets have seen more in their part than the newest Hamlet, Mr. Henry Baynton's, seems to do; and if some of them made too many points, he is inclined to make too few. His reading is certainly not characterised by over-subtlety; indeed, there are times during his performance when it has the air of

being more of a recital than an impersonation. One would like more consciousness of difficulties, more sense of effort, more strenuousness in attack, more colour, and more intellectual apprehension. Mr. Baynton's Hamlet is best at present in the passages with Ophelia, and in the scene in which he uses "words, not daggers," with the Queen. Here his fine voice is turned to something better than mere elocutionary account, and his acting is genuinely moving, and even arresting. But there is more in Hamlet than he has yet found. It should be admitted that he is handicapped during his matinée season at the Savoy by a support that is far from strong: a Queen so self-conscious as Miss Gertrude Gilbert's, and an Ophelia so lacking in ingenuousness as Miss Alice de Grey's, do not help illusion. The Polonius of Mr. J. F. Graham, and the Grave-Digger of Mr. Tom Reynolds, however, deserve favourable mention.



PROBABLY THE LAST VOYAGE OF NELSON'S OLD FLAG-SHIP:
H.M.S. "VICTORY" ENTERING DRY DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH

The "Victory," which has for some time been in one of the dockyard basins at Portsmouth having part of her ballast removed, was on January 12 placed in dry dock for examination. Probably it was her last journey, as it is generally believed that it will be inadvisable to float her again owing to dry rot in her timbers. Dock No. 2, into which she was taken, is considered a suitable resting-place for her. Divers were sent down to see that she was properly settled on the blocks, and it was arranged that the dock should be emptied of water very gradually. Various suggestions for her future preservation and restoration were illustrated in our issues of December 24 and 31 and October 22, last year.

Photograph by C.N.

The Sporting Club at Monte Carlo has opened its doors, to the delight of its numerous members, who prefer its well-ordained privacy to the more noisy and crowded rooms of the Casino. M. Camille Blanc, the President and Chairman of the Société des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco, has done his utmost to gratify the love of comfort and the keen sense of beauty which comes as a second nature to English and Americans. The Sporting Club, or Cercle Privé, is unique in its way. Every detail has been combined and looked into with the utmost care so as to give the most artistic effect. Members of the Sporting Club have the entrée to the select dancing-room which has been reserved for their particular use at the Park Palace. This spacious room, with its perfect flooring, is keenly appreciated by those who enjoy nothing better than good dancing. A dancing-tea is held there every afternoon, from 4 to 6 p.m. On Thursdays and Sundays, there is no afternoon entertainment, but instead a ball is given in the evening; it commences at 9.30 and closes at 11.30 p.m. The orchestra is the famous Hawaiian. On Wednesday nights, a grand ball is held in the Salle de Musique du Casino, better known as the Ganne Concert Room, which is an all-night affair. The Café de Paris has also its dancing-teas, from 4.30 to 6 p.m., every day, and dinner-dancing every night from 8.30 to midnight; then come the dancing suppers from midnight to early dawn. On Thursdays and on Sundays, a gala-supper is given; it is naturally a great success and tables have to be booked in advance.

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The Claxton Ear-Cap quickly corrects any tendency to outstanding ears. Let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep, and thus save disfigurement in after life. Easy and comfortable in wear. Keeps hair from tangling during sleep, and promotes breathing through the nose. The Claxton Ear-Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Sold by all leading Department Stores and Drapers, also by Chemists. Note the name CLAXTON (the original and only genuine); scientifically made in 21 sizes. Mercerised, 5s.; Pink Silk de Luxe, 10s. 6d. Send following measurements: Round head, just above ears, and across head from lobe to lobe. J. L. Claxton, The Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1.

CLAXTON EAR-CAP.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motorists and a General Election. Whether there is going to be a General Election or not within the next month or so I do not pretend to know. The average person nowadays has to work too hard to find the money to pay his taxes—



HOW HARRODS MET THE CHRISTMAS RUSH: PART OF THEIR FLEET OF 1-TON FIAT RELIEF DELIVERY VANS PASSING THE MARBLE ARCH, ON THEIR FIRST RUN.

Photograph by Albemarle Press.

including his £1 per horse-power—to have much time to devote to the affairs of politics. Apart from that, they are not even interesting, and thus we leave them mainly to the professional politician and the enthusiastic amateur. But it is impossible for the motorist to hear the reports which are going the rounds as to the imminence of a General Election without wondering if, perchance, such an event may not prove to his advantage in some way or other. I am not going to enter into any discussion of the purely political and economic aspects of a General Election. These have nothing to do with me in the present instance. An election, however, interests me intensely from my particular standpoint as a motorist. It makes me wonder whether our organisations have made them ready to take the fullest advantage of such an event, should it indeed befall. We last year contributed some 20 per cent. more in taxation to the Road Fund than the Ministry of Transport said it had decided to filch from us. We therefore have a right to ask that there shall be a reduction in the rate of

the tax levied upon our cars; the more so as the aggregate of the tax raised is a growing quantity year by year. We have been told, quite categorically, that the Government will not give us any relief. Very well, then, our answer must be, in the event of a General Election, that there will be no cars for the use of candidates who will not pledge themselves to vote for a reasonable reduction in the amount of the horse-power tax. I am not so foolish as to say that we must agree not to vote for such candidates. Important as the question is from the motorists' point of view, there are other considerations of much more weight. Personally, I am afraid I should not hesitate to cast my vote for a candidate who was unsound only on this one point. But I would see him further before I would assist him with the loan of my car. And the Parliamentary candidate must have our cars if he wants a seat. Election promises are worth very little, I know, but they are better than nothing, and I trust the matter of obtaining the requisite assurances is being kept well in front by the motoring powers that be.

A Foolish Proposal.

The R.A.C. is being savagely

criticised by the motoring contributor to one of the evening papers because it has refused to observe officially a car with which it is intended—or was intended—to essay a rush from London to Glasgow on the occasion of the opening of the Scottish Motor Show, at an average speed of forty miles an hour. My own view of the matter is that the Club is perfectly right in refusing to have anything to do with such a business. We know that the legal speed limit is a dead letter, and that everybody who drives does exceed the maximum allowed of twenty miles an hour. Many of us exceed it by a substantial margin every time we go on the road. But we do not publish the fact broadcast—if we have any sense, that is. Such a rush as that to which I have referred can have only one object, *i.e.*, to secure advertisement for the car concerned. Such advertisement

loses most of its value in the eyes of the public unless it has the certificate of the R.A.C. to back it. What the promoters of this really silly "stunt" have asked the Club to do is to come out into the open as the acknowledged abettors of a grave breach of the law. What would happen if the Club did observe the attempt, and if it were successful? A certificate would be issued by the Club vouching that the X car had averaged twice the legal speed over a four hundred miles' run on the public roads. Would that certificate be good evidence of an offence having been committed and could the Club not be prosecuted for conniving at it? Quite a good thing for the Club, which stands as an intermediary between the motoring community and the Government, and whose opinion is asked, as being expert and worth having, when the Government Departments want to know! And what a handle it would give to the enemies of motoring to prove, out of the Club's own mouth, that the motorist, officially and unofficially, cares nothing for the safety or the amenities of the road! There is quite enough



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CROSSLEY CAR USED THROUGHOUT HIS INDIAN TOUR: H.R.H. (RAISING HIS HAT) LEAVING THE COURTS OF JUSTICE AT ALLAHABAD.

This car is one of a fleet of twelve Crossleys which are the only official cars used by the Prince and his suite during his tour in India.—[Photograph by C.N.]

road-hogging being done, without having it certified as a matter of interest by the premier body of British motordom. These wild stunts do no good to anybody

[Continued overleaf.]

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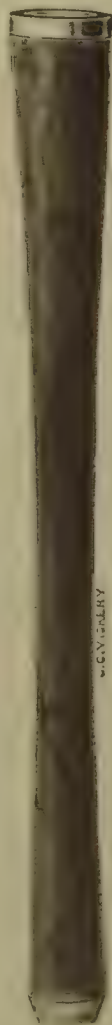
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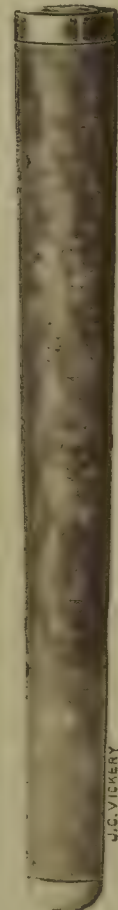
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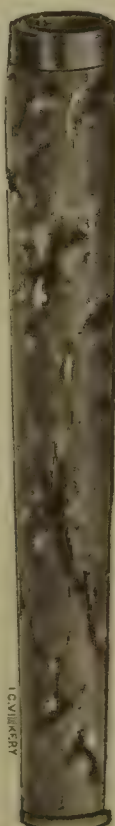
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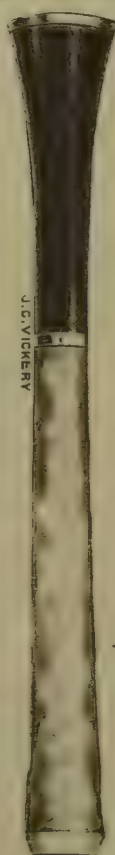
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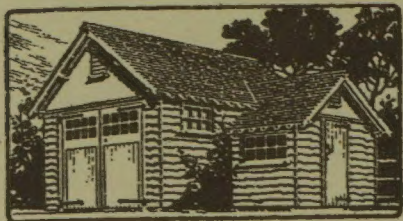


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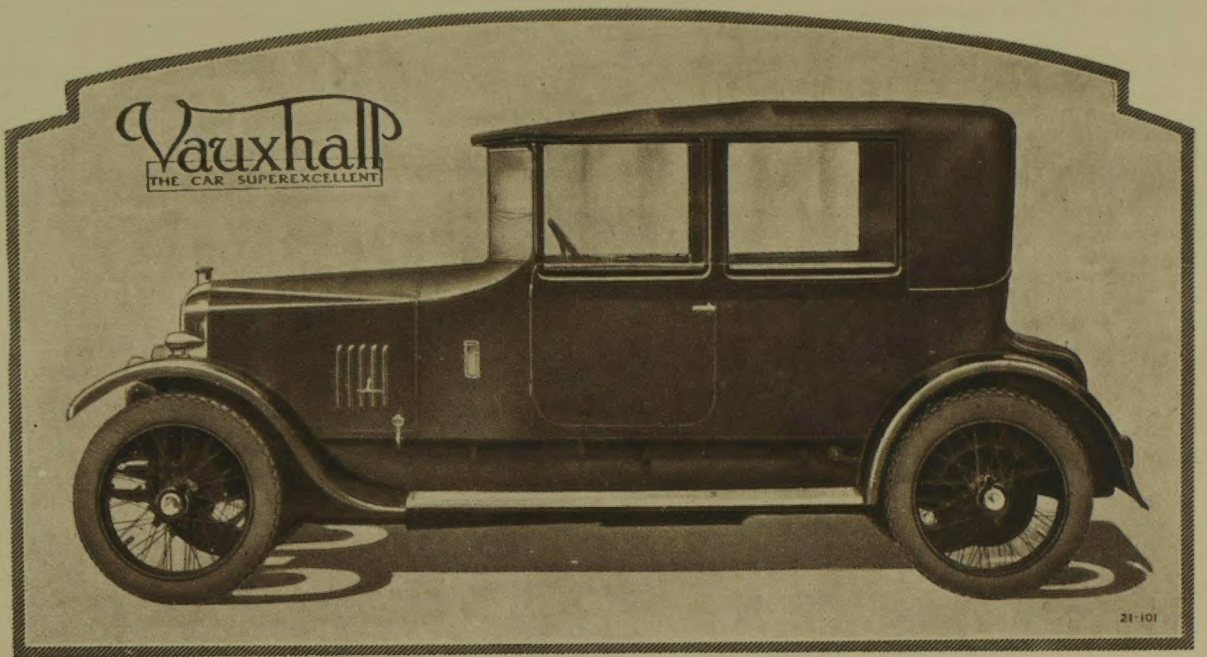
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Note these points. The hood is as easy to put up or down as a Cape-cart hood. The two doors at the front and the shape of the front seats enable any of the four occupants to get in or out without disturbing the others. The small-section metal pillars of the windscreen present hardly any obstruction to the driver's view. The interior, though giving ample room, is not too large for conversation to be carried on easily between all the occupants. The front seats are adjustable for leg room. Tools are kept in waterproof wraps in the large and convenient boot at the rear of the car. As practicable and comfortable as it is elegant, nothing more attractive of its kind than the Vauxhall-Arundel cabriolet is anywhere offered.

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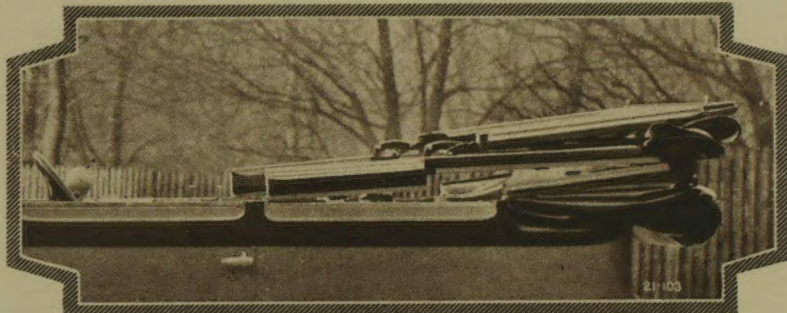
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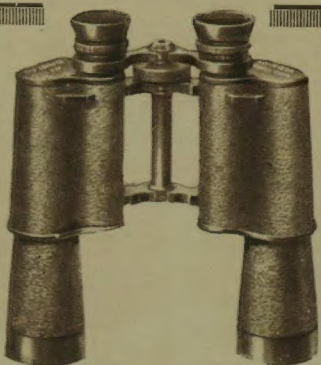
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(Continued.)

and quite conceivably are liable to do infinite harm. Besides, if anybody has a car that he thinks can cover four hundred miles in ten hours or so, there's Brooklands, where nobody is endangered. Not quite as spectacular, possibly, but we don't want the good name of automobilism and the R.A.C. butchered to make a manufacturer's advertisement.

A Licensing Note.

Last year the Ministry of Transport allowed a month's grace in the matter of car licenses. There seems to be an impression abroad that this concession is also being made this year, since I have noticed within the past few days quite a number of cars still carrying 1921 licenses. It should be pointed out that no such concession has been announced, and that motorists who are carrying on with expired licenses are liable to prosecution. For all the interest the police seem

New Petrol-Saver.

Any accessory which leads to greater economy in car-running costs is nowadays very acceptable, and in the "M.E." Atomising Air Valve, manufactured by Messrs. Mann, Egerton and Co., Ltd., of Norwich and London, the saving of petrol is in many cases as great as 20 to 50 per cent. The device, which can be easily fitted by any competent garage, is very simple in nature, consisting of a valve interposed between the carburettor and induction-pipe, heated by a special connection to the engine-exhaust. This is controlled from the driver's seat by Bowden wire, and ensures the petrol and air being really vaporised before entering the cylinders. A great improvement in the running of the engine is noticeable, apart from the great saving in petrol-consumption, and the moderate cost of the accessory, £2 12s. 6d., is soon saved in the petrol bill.

W. W.

That useful book of reference, the "Hazell Annual and Almanack," has been reduced in price, and the new edition for 1922 costs only 5s. It contains practically all its well-known features, and includes notes on the Washington Conference and the League of Nations. The account of casualties and losses in the war has been repeated, at the request of numerous readers, with additional figures. There are also tables showing the post-war naval strength of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. As a handy compendium of general information, "Hazell" remains invaluable.

There is "a certain liveliness" about the "Daily Mail Year Book" (1s. 6d. net) that distinguishes it from works of reference which contain only facts and tabular information. It gives, in addition, reasoned summaries by experts of the chief public questions of the day, and forms a compendium of current history. Every interest—political, social, and commercial—is concisely reviewed, and there are short biographies of 1000 notable people of to-day, of this and other countries. An amazing amount of useful knowledge is compressed into a small space at a remarkably low price. The new issue for 1922 (the 22nd year) is edited by Mr. David Williamson.

An interesting announcement is made in the publishing world. Mr. Theodore Byard, who for the last year has been associated with the firm of William Heinemann, is now more closely and permanently connected with the business. Mr. Byard has for some

years been very well and widely known in musical and artistic circles. He is a linguist of considerable achievement, being very well acquainted with the literature of

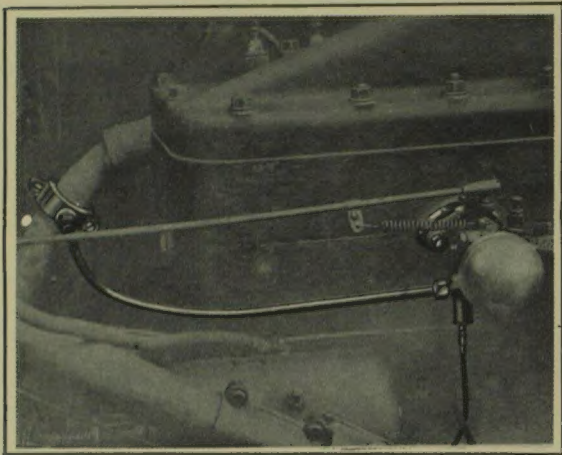


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France, Italy, and Germany, which was such a well-recognised feature of Mr. Heinemann's work. Mr. Byard has recently returned from a visit to the United States of America, where he had exceptional opportunities of seeing the working of the book trade over there in the great publishing firm of Doubleday Page and Company, Garden City, who have recently made an alliance with the firm of Heinemann.

Contributors to the Press, whether literary or pictorial, know the great value of the "Writer's and Artist's Year Book" (A. and C. Black), and it is satisfactory to note that the price of the new edition for 1922 has been reduced to 3s. 6d. net, without any curtailment of contents. All aspirants to journalistic success should make a point of consulting this useful book before offering their work to editors, for attention to the advice and information it contains may save them much disappointment. It includes directories and classified lists of British, Colonial, and American periodicals, with notes on their tone and requirements, together with much other useful matter.



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to take in licenses, however, I should say there is not a great deal of risk about the procedure. It is better to be sure than sorry, though; and after all, the license has to be renewed some time, so why not at once and save all possibility of trouble?



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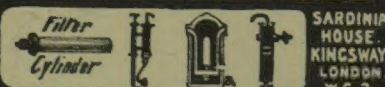


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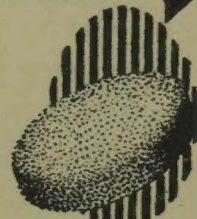
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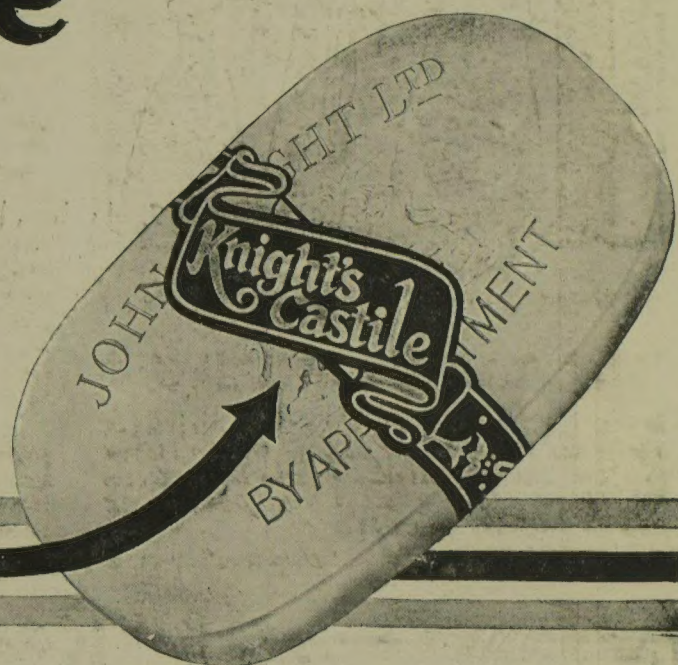
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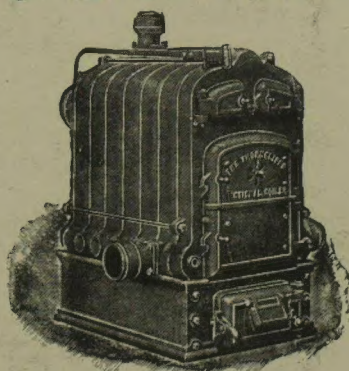
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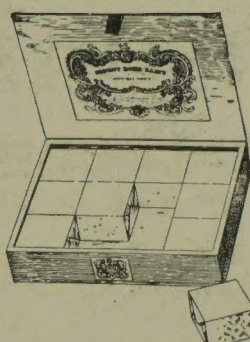
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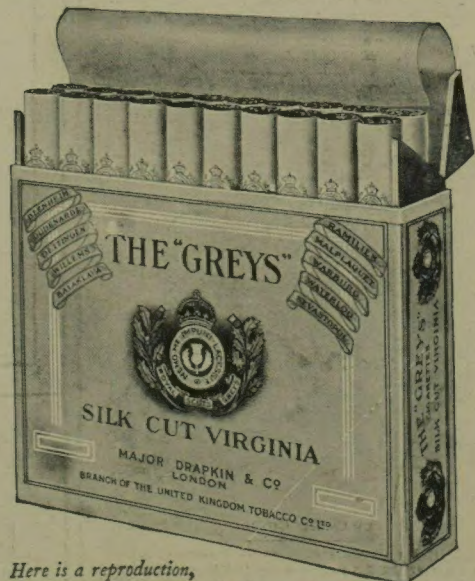
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